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WROTH.¹

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CHAPTER XX.

MADAME THOMAS tossed an omelette—such a one as she alone could toss. And there was a Navarin of veal—*je ne vous dis que ça!* She twitched about her kitchen with a flame of scarlet on either sallow cheek. She popped the butter into the pan with an imperial hand; here were days, indeed, for Mon-Repos! Already in the last twenty-four hours she had sent up viands which in ordinary times would have lasted M. le Comte's house a week; but she did not regret it, far from that. The credit of the house was in her keeping, she would uphold it to the last egg. Not only a princess—in spite of Mrs. Panton's elaborate explanations in broken French, Madame Thomas clung to her first impression—but an English milord now to provide for! Yet it was worth it. Had Prosper seen M. le Comte this morning? Beautiful as the day, he was! *Hein?*

In the long, cool, faded dining-room, however, it was only Comte Spiridion himself who did justice to the housekeeper's excellent dishes. Wroth and Juliana, held in a dreamy spell, could not bring their thoughts to material entities. Scarce were they conscious of surroundings, only of each other. There was a wine that had lain buried in the cellars of Mon-Repos through the death struggle of the last monarchy, through the triumph of the populace, through the glories of the Empire, maturing in silence

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and darkness its secret essences. It sang now out of the dingy bottle into the glass: golden, insidious, captivating. Spiridion looked with wise tender eyes at his young guests, and ever and anon silently toasted them. He had kept at heart the guilelessness of a child, in spite of experiences such as come to few men. He thought to know the tale of these lovers—yea, to the last jot. And, after all, he found it a very simple one. They had met in England, while Juliana was not yet free, and even then had loved each other. Of this the wise Spiridion was very sure. Sure, too, that his little Juliana *avait été très sage*, had kept herself very good. As for the other, as for the man—Spiridion's glance rested critically on that fine pale face, instinct even now under its air of marble repose with a fire of passion. He noted the quiver of the high-cut nostril, the line of the full lips. No, milord, he had not been good at all! And faith, Spiridion was not astonished; nay, with that stirring of the old Adam in him which dies not in the most detached until his own death, he would have been disappointed had it been otherwise.

He was positive about it: this Englishman, with the face of a Greek god and the barbaric name, had been the very opposite of virtuous. And when they met again, after Juliana's release, it was the memory of the error of an intemperate passion (which, in her heart, secretly she had shared) that kept the chaste, the high-minded woman from yielding to the happiness that offered itself to her. So La Roche-Amand diagnosed the case. Spread out like a picture before him, he could see it all at a single glance. These dear children, these two beautiful, rare beings, it was his happy lot to bring them together! But how gradually, how delicately this must be done—he alone who knew the exquisite sensibility of her nature could comprehend.

He turned his look from Wroth to Juliana; doubt still dwelt on her face, a tremulous emotion, that was not all joy. Nothing must be hurried, nothing urged. A woman's soul, a woman's heart, must be captured but never grasped.

So the meal proceeded in a wonderful silence that had no awkwardness in it, nay, was eloquent. Through the open window came the busy calls of the birds, the occasional rumbling and squeaking of the wheelbarrow in the garden as Jeannot, from the farm, fulfilled the duties of Prosper—now all-important butler; or a distant thundergrowl in the kitchen, where Madame Thomas' coffee-mill was being ground with zeal by Lolotte, from the village.

'But, milord, you drink nothing,' said Spiridion at last, pointing to the full glasses in front of his guest. ('What the devil,' he said to himself, 'your true lover never eats, everyone knows that; but, faith, a lover drinks, by authority of every poet since Anacreon and Catullus.')

Wroth started, turned to his host with a bow and a smile that gave to his features, hitherto set in abstracted gravity, an extraordinary youthful charm. He lifted a glass, opened his eyes full on Juliana's face, until the magnetic attraction of his gaze drew hers, then drank. Setting down the empty crystal, he again compelled her eye. She looked, and it seemed to her as if he were drawing her soul from her keeping; as if she were losing herself in that mere yielding of her glance.

She was glad that the tension was broken by the passing in of Madame Thomas' steaming coffee; that she could rise with the pretext of understanding best how the Count liked his cup—'A great deal of coffee, that it may admit of a great deal of sugar'—as he announced, with a happy laugh.

But, after all, it entailed her preparing some for Wroth also. And though she kept her eyes under ward as she handed it to him, she could not prevent their fingers from meeting as he took the cup from her. Again the sense of her own weakness rushed intolerably upon her, more anguish than joy.

'Will you permit me to retire?' she said to her godfather. 'This first spring heat sets my head aching.'

'Go, my child, go,' said the old man, with a little secret laugh. 'Milord will understand.'

Wroth, in his silence, moved to the door. She paused, almost imperceptibly, as she passed out. He bowed deeply, without attempting either to take her hand or to speak. And it was this omission on his part that, biting at her heart like a serpent, ached in Juliana all the rest of the day.

She ordered the wooden shutters to be closed in her room, banning the blue and green day, and lay, throbbing in all the passion of her glorious youth and strength, torturing herself with vain questions, suppositions, doubts, and self-searchings. Pantou crept in and out with whispered suggestions for the alleviation of the pretended headache. Juliana was mute to sullenness. But Mrs. Pantou, tiptoeing back to the bare room, where she sat most of her hours, in high British superiority to the 'foreign trash' below stairs, had ever and anon a knowing wag of the head.

The young nobleman had come after them, straight. He was the lover after her own heart.

'Yes, my young friend,' said La Roche-Amand, as Wroth took seat again at the round table, 'you do well. We must go slowly, very slowly——'

Wroth shot a look at his host. The word 'we' was pleasant in his ears; his spirits began to mount. Here was an unexpected ally; this quaint personage who seemed to have stepped out of an already forgotten century, with his formality of language, his deliberate gesture, his airs of ceremony, which in anyone less unmistakably *grand seigneur* might have seemed pomposity. The lover told himself his star was high. Yes, he felt strong enough to go slow, to wait. Juliana's pallor, her silence, her sudden withdrawal after her exquisite moment of yielding at the gate, were to his swift perceptions but the signs of his own power. In spite of his believing himself bound to another, the lawlessness of his passion troubled him not at all. The tide that carried him was so strong, it was so clean, so pure in its very absoluteness, that he could not feel that he was wronging her by it. That marriage of his, freak of fate, was mockery, and in its emptiness could hold no man's honour. Union with Juliana was the foredestined sacred one. What were forms and ceremonies compared to this right of soul to soul?

While these thoughts surged through Wroth's mind, Comte Spiridion continued speaking; with his thin musician's hands emphasising his words by delicate and varied finger gesture:

'The soul of a woman is fitly compared to the butterfly,—to Psyche. Grasp the exquisite, beautiful, fluttering thing with a grasp of rude desire, and behold: what of its bloom, what of the very beauty for which you yearn? O youth, let love be as a rose that its perfume may draw, may enfold, may capture! Do not scare it, young Apollo, and there will still be no laurel in these woods.'

He ran from metaphor to metaphor, his eyes smiling on the young man's brooding face.

'All in that physiognomy is noble,' thought Spiridion, explaining his own precipitance to himself. 'There is genius too, somewhere about that brow. And, O divine goodness, what a glorious thing is youth!'

Suddenly Wroth flung his hand across the table towards his host. The gesture was one of boyish appeal.

'When, sir, and how, shall I come again?'

Spiridion gave a pleased laugh. Had he been the finest diplomatist, Wroth could not have found a surer way to confirm himself in the favour that his gallant air had already won. His tone of deference (so fragrant to age from strong youth), withal his uncontrollable eagerness; his claim for help. The old man would not be excluded, then, from the romance. He was wanted; he was part of it, he, whose ancient heart had still so much love to give! He raised a finger to his forehead in profound thought. There was a deep excitement about this innocent plotting.

'It will not do to be in too great a hurry,' he said, at last, 'but, if towards five o'clock to-morrow evening you were to stroll this way—stay, I have it!' He clapped his head and a cloud of scented powder flew. 'You are amateur of music—I know. With that line of brow and eyelid you are certainly fond of music. I have told you I play the violin. You wish to hear it, what more natural? I promise to gratify you. Come at five to-morrow; I will make you some music, and our good curé will likewise come. He thinks he adores music—he takes his little nap while I play. So, that is arranged. Excellent. Impossible to find anything more delicate.'

Comte Spiridion tried to look profoundly sly; but only succeeded in conveying a sense of guileless self-satisfaction. Wroth got up and bowed over the benevolent hand extended to him.

'I am inexpressibly grateful,' he said; 'indeed, nothing could be more delicate, or more kind.'

Spiridion accompanied him to the porch. 'You have halted at Compiègne?' he queried.

'At the "Écu de France,"' answered Wroth.

'Though it is the best in the town, you will be ill-lodged, milord; worse fed,' said Spiridion, and ruminated a little while. 'In a day or two—it will seem quite natural that you should come here for your meals at least—when our intimacy has a little progressed. I shall see how to lead the conversation to the subject, once or twice, without insistence. We must always remember how sensitive a thing is a woman's reputation. We must not give substance for a breath of gossip, even in this quiet corner, dear milord. You see, it takes grey hairs to devise these prudential subterfuges.'

The old man's smile of triumph at the subtlety of his own diplomacy was the memory that Wroth carried away with him of

his host. There was a new tenderness in the lover's soul as he walked down the avenue. His dealings with his fellow-men, up to now, had mainly been unfortunate; but there was that in his misguided nature which leaped to all good things. He would have been very proud of such a father.

Juliana came down to dinner, and in pursuance of his plan of action the godfather was exceedingly off-hand on the subject of the young Englishman, speaking of him with elaborate unconcern, as an accidental acquaintance likely to enliven their rural seclusion.

'It appears that he raves of music, so I have actually promised him a little concert to-morrow, if you will hold the piano, my cherished one.'

Juliana thought the sudden spring of her heart must have been visible under her kerchief. But the old man was carefully looking away from her.

He became exceedingly conversational, and very learned on the subject of the newest music and that rising composer Gioacchino Rossini. He hummed the air of Tancredi, and desired her opinion on it. If her dear head allowed it, they might have a little practice that evening—which desire was, in due time, carried out. Juliana was a trifle absent-minded; the musician was particular, and chided and taxed her with having given up the charming art.

This kept them well occupied till ten o'clock, when he tucked his Amati lovingly back in its case.

Juliana approached to bid good-night. But instead of the usual lifting of her forehead for his kiss, she flung both arms round his neck and pressed her burning cheek against his face.

'My very dear one,' said he; and then he blessed her, a ceremony usually reserved for their greater partings.

Mrs. Panton was awaiting her mistress, wearing an air of more than usual importance. Juliana, with eyes that shone, with that new bloom on her cheek, could no longer allege indisposition; yet never had she seemed more averse to conversation, more wrapt in reserve.

'I have had a walk down to the town,' began the tirewoman tentatively.

'Indeed,' said Juliana, who had not heard a word.

'I came across, quite by accident, his lordship's valet.'

Juliana, unfastening the clasp at her breast, paused.

'Meaning Lord Wroth, of course,' said Mrs. Panton, satisfied that she had struck her mark. 'Your ladyship would never believe the way they've tracked us.'

Her ladyship drew her brows together and dropped her eyelids. Panton could see how those released laces at her bosom rose and fell. She proceeded with increased gusto :

'After us to Dover, he went, poor young nobleman, the very night we left the Wells. Mr. Picard—a nice young man he is, that's his lordship's French valet, your ladyship—says the groom who met them by order, with the curricie, told him it was such a race as never was. One horse breaks down, and his lordship rides the other, on, on, bare-backed, only to find the ship out to sea. And when I think of that ship—' said the good woman parenthetically, 'I can feel the heaving yet.'

Juliana still stood, the brooch paused in mid-air, eyes downcast, listening.

'Though, indeed,' cried Panton, drawing in breath with a sucking action, 'if it had not been for what I can only describe as that day of terror on the waves, your ladyship, I should not have been poorly on landing at Calais, and your ladyship might not have halted at Mr. Dessein's Hotel, and his lordship might have sought our trail in vain.'

Mrs. Panton's head inclined sentimentally sideways at the thought of this tragic possibility. Juliana turned and laid the brooch on the table. Perceiving that she must speak quickly if she were to put in the end of her story, the woman ran on :

'As things turned out, it was back to London with his lordship. He picks up Mr. Picard at his London rooms, and off again post haste, post haste. He charts a boat—too early for the packet. Guineas pouring, as Mr. Picard says, on every side, and everywhere he asks for news of your ladyship. Dark lady with a fat maid (that's Mr. Picard's joke, your ladyship) and a foreign courier. At Calais pier he asks—guinea—Dessein, they say. On to Dessein's with them ! And at Dessein's they tell him how your ladyship took post for Paris, and how luckily the postillion who drove her is just back with the horses. Then it's up with the postillion to my lord's room, and out with my lord's gold again. And the fellow's tongue wags willingly enough, since there never was a Frenchman yet who was not fond of the sound of his own chatter. And it's on with my lord again, and he has not slept a night in bed since the day of the marriage !'

Mrs. Panton broke off abruptly. Juliana flashed upon her a look that commanded silence, and turned back to her table again. But in the mirror the maid caught a glimpse of her mistress's face, and saw it pale now and tremulous.

'Feeding on boiled stuff they are, with a muck of cabbage soup. And the insult those inn-fellows keep heaping on Mr. Picard's master as an Englishman, calling him behind his back unmentionable names—Goddem—and flinging Waterloo at him!'

'Panton,' said Juliana, 'that is quite enough; you can leave me.' Her tone was all decision. But Panton halted and hesitated at the door, and in her old nurse's tones:

'Lord Wroth, my lamb——' she insinuated.

'I do not wish for any more conversation to-night,' interrupted Juliana imperiously.

'Then, good-night, my lady,' said the abigail in sudden dudgeon.

Juliana sat by the dressing-table, leaned her head on her hand, and pondered. Was ever woman so tossed upon conflicting seas? Panton's rambling talk had brought all the memories of that marriage day, with its audacious hopes and hideous humiliation, back upon her like a slap in the face.

Out in the sunshine, this morning, her heart had turned traitor to her pride. She had not had the strength to send him from her; and the poignant joy of his presence had followed her ever since. Yet his very presence, his pursuit, the love he dared offer her, was an outrage on his part. And yet again, by the freak of fate, no outrage since she was his wife. One word from her—she shuddered from the thought with a two-fold apprehension—what ecstasy might be hers, or what irretrievable shame! The very name of wife, he had said, is enough to kill love. Aye, but a little later, in what accents of passion had he not reproached her for what he called her betrayal? But then he deemed he had lost her. In this wild undisciplined nature, what could she trust? She had made her great cast and failed. Now, before risking again, she must see for herself, test, study, be certain.

So Juliana resolved to keep the strange secret still close, resolved, too, that she would not oppose the plans for their meeting which sprang from Count Spiridion's innocent match-making.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE fell rain the whole of the next afternoon ; the good rain that, sinking into the earth, draws life and beauty out of its heart. In the salon, except for Count Spiridion's music, it was a very quiet party. The curé comfortably absorbed, in his special arm-chair, closed his eyes—to have no distractions—and thereafter slumbered frankly and almost noiselessly. He only woke up at intervals to say :

' Ah, heaven, how fine ! ' Or, ' Music ! how beautiful she is ! '

He was a charming listener.

Spiridion was deep in diplomacy ; all to his instrument, all to the business of the moment. When Juliana, sitting at the old harpsichord—sweet and faint and full of the echoes of ancient days—lost her place in the accompaniment, the violinist carried it through with most convincing airs of indifference. Nobody should guess that he knew why she had faltered ; that he had intercepted the long, ardent glances which milord, in his corner, cast upon her—Milord Apollo, this afternoon, with a cloud over his head, no brilliancy about him, no speech on his lips, only the fire in his eyes.

The long room, with its polished floor, reflected the little group and the sparse furniture as in an amber mirror, dimly. The scent of the smouldering red logs on the hearth mingled with that of the wet garden creeping in mistily through the open window. Ever and anon little airs would set the brocade curtains moving with slight, ghost-like rustle. From the further end of the room the brilliant youth and loveliness of Cyprienne, Comtesse de la Roche-Amand smiled down upon them from the faded gold frame. She had been Spiridion's mother, and the rosy babe on her knee, naked save for a little odd lace cap tied under his chin, had been Spiridion himself ! He had a bow in his hand—he was Cupid. She, in powdered hair and blue ribands—Venus. Cupid, now grey-haired, wielded the fiddle-bow and played sad melodies. Venus, where was she ? But, in this room, regret itself seemed fragrant as the *pot pourri* in the great jars.

Juliana's face, in serious beauty under the black wings of her hair, was cut, cameo-like, against the shadows as she sat apart and pressed the ivory notes. She wore some garment of grey satin, and the fire-light caught the folds of it rosily, but never reached

the white oval of her cheek. It was no wonder Wroth brooded upon her.

After the music there was a little conversation between Spiridion and the curé on purely local subjects. Juliana and Wroth had no words for each other; but, at parting, he took her hand.

That was all. Never had there been an afternoon with so little in it; but to the end of his days it remained one of the most perfumed memories in Wroth's heart. That day he had looked on peace, as a man may upon a cool lake from the distance. A hot and stormy road lay between him and it, but he had looked on it.

Count Spiridion called formally on the English traveller at his hotel, in Compiègne. He conducted conversation with ease and decorum, touching the present state of politics, the unfortunate reaction, the Holy Alliance and England's wise opposition to it. . . . From Paris, and the coming departure of the allies from French soil, he arrived by easy transition to the state of the roads for tourists, to the charm of the forest of Compiègne. He had a secret smile for the young man's spasmodic efforts at response; for the unquiet glance with its perpetual question. It was only when he rose to make his *congé* that the real purpose of the ceremonial visit, became revealed.

'It is to-morrow a little feast with us here. My habit, since my return to France, is to gather the children of the neighbourhood about me at this time of year, when we have some innocent rejoicing . . . a sylvan meal, under the beeches, after which the little ones look for hidden treasures in the glades. Perhaps scarcely the kind of entertainment for a young man of fashion; but——'

'May I indeed come?' interrupted Wroth, the tell-tale colour rushing to his face.

'We begin at three o'clock,' said Spiridion, smiling. Then, he added, as he turned for his cane: 'It is my god-daughter who is to be mistress of the games to-morrow; we are like two children ourselves in our anticipations. *Au revoir*, then, milord.'

His hand was gripped with a silent eagerness.

'*Hé, hé, hé!*' said Comte Spiridion to himself, playing with his bruised fingers not without satisfaction, as he strolled pensively back towards his Mon-Repos along the familiar short cut through the Royal Park.

A beech glade in the spring; the young green on the old trees, the wonderful grey of their boles; the primrose stars everywhere,

and a sheet of bluebells breaking into blossom in the dells, ethereal as a fairy lake ; the vistas into interminable woodland, with here and there the fire of young larch ; the flicker and dance of the whole sylvan world, and she, Juliana, in the middle of a band of shouting, happy children—the whole scene went straight to the poet side of Wroth ; while, all lover as he was, in her presence culminated all its beauty, all its ineffable message.

She wore bright flowers at her breast, and the gay mauve of her scarf fluttered flower-like itself as she ran with the players ; or stood, the centre of a dancing circle ; or sat to console a toddler that had come to grief in its play.

As before, Wroth and she had scarce speech with each other. Yet he could not feel that she wished him away. It was hardly so much avoidance, it seemed to him, as an exquisite waiting reserve.

The curé and Spiridion smiled, benevolent genii, upon the feast. Juliana was all to the children. After the repast they had the games ; and after the games a rustic dance for which a youth, bronzed and black-haired as any Sicilian shepherd, piped reedy, sweet, flourishing rhythms on the flageolet. Juliana sat down at last, laughing, on the moss :

‘Enough, enough ! I am tired.’

Her hair was loosened, her cheek flushed ; she had not a glance towards him who watched her, motionless, from the shadow of the great beech-tree ; yet he knew she felt his gaze upon her.

‘The final game, *colin-maillard*,’ ordered the curé. The children jubilated. The spring riot began afresh, strained to its highest pitch of joy. Toto, the miller’s son, the wag of the young party, flung himself, design or accident, against the milord. Though he stood aside and seemingly so haughty, the children had no fear of him : like animals they never mistake their friends. There was no help for it ; the fastidious English lord, the noted ‘blood’ about town, the Corinthian, hard-living scapegrace—he was caught into the whirl of the infantile game.

It was Juliana’s handkerchief that bound his eyes. It had circled two or three small rustic heads already ; but it had not lost its fragrance of her. And, as it touched his lids, from the heart of this forest of Compiègne he was suddenly brought back to the Abbey ; to the night when he had knelt so close beside her. He made a swift step : he had the vision of her though his eyes were blinded, and he caught her in his arms. Yet, no sooner had his embrace

closed upon her, than it fell away. His heart stood still instantly upon a delight too great for it.

There was a shriek that brought him to his senses: '*Colin-Maillard* has let his prisoner go! A forfeit, a forfeit!' Already the urchins were tired of the game; they clamoured for the fresh amusement; it was the time for forfeits. No one but Spiridion should pronounce the forfeits—that was an established custom.

The old seigneur took seat solemnly on the grey root of a tree; and Juliana, beside him, pale now, with shadowed eyes cast down, held up, one after another, the small pledges—Toto's red tie, Mathilde's sabot, Petit Jerome's new cap. Spiridion, blindfolded in his turn, pronounced judgment. He had a most humorous and varied assortment of penalties. They were duly carried out and with great zest. At length Juliana held up a grey buckskin glove.

'Here is a thing, and a very fine thing, and what shall the owner of this fine thing do?'

Did her voice falter as it ran through the oft-repeated formula? Or was La Roche-Amand cheating and could he see under these fine-scented folds? He had a moment's hesitation. Then his fiat rang out judicially:

'He must bow to the fairest and kiss her whom he loves best.'

There was a moment's silence. Something held the children breathless. Then the voice of Toto, the irrepressible, rose. He liked to show everyone the way to do things:

'*Il faut embrasser la belle dame, M'sieu le milord.*'

It was the last forfeit. Spiridion uncovered his face, finely drawn into smiles. Juliana sat close to him, her very stillness a self-betrayal for one who had the delicate instinct to understand.

'Eh, there is my young man with his pallor again. Mon Dieu, these two lovers—if I were not there to help them!'

Wroth took a step forward and bowed low before Juliana. Then again there fell the odd pause. Toto, hopping frantically from one foot to another, shrieked out his indispensable direction:

'*Si c'est que vous aimez la belle dame, faut l'embrasser aussi, M'sieu le milord.*'

Wroth fell on one knee and took Juliana's hand in his. He bent forward; she raised her eyes. Then he sprang to his feet.

'He has not kissed her,' cried Toto, disgusted.

'Not even her hand,' thought Spiridion, equally disappointed. He rose stiffly from the seat of judgment.

'Well, well, my children, the *fête* is over.'

The sunshine had gone, the wind was suddenly cold. Even the curé, rubbing his hands and smiling to the last, felt the flatness. These English with their priggish ways! He collected his young parishioners, to march them homewards.

Wroth had gone; some misty glade of the forest had swallowed him. Juliana and her godfather set off for Mon-Repos in silence; she leaned on his arm, moving as one very tired.

And so ended that day.

The next morning Juliana was filling a jar with the purple plumes of iris, when Wroth appeared on the threshold of the salon.

'I come, uninvited,' he said. Juliana turned with a start.

It was another day borrowed from coming summer; the green shutters were half-closed before the open windows. Prosper was cutting the grass plot in which the sundial stood. And the sighing of the scythe with the scent of the sappy young grass filled the air. Spiridion was out, making the round of his woods with the keeper. Juliana felt singularly unprotected, singularly at the mercy of the spring tenderness, of her stormy wooer and her own weakness. It seemed to her all too soon for the great surrender. A thousand virginal repugnances woke within her at the mere thought. Should she speak now: like Juliet she could have no joy of the contract.

And yet she had had a wakeful night from sheer happiness that he had not paid the forfeit in that childish play which was so serious for those two; that, with that flame in his eye, he had spared her. But at her first glance at him, as he came up to her table and halted opposite to her, she was aware that the bad mood was upon him. The look that had driven her from the very air he breathed, that had haunted her in her flight, was again in his eye; the twist of his evil smile was on his lip. Wroth's good angel had departed; about him was the shadow of dark wings.

Her strength seemed suddenly to give way; she fell into a chair. He took one facing her. All his movements were marked with deliberation; he had closed the door behind him as he entered; his voice was steady, so were his hands as he slowly ungloved them.

'You have not wished me good-morning,' said Juliana, as the tension of the silence grew unbearable to her.

'No,' he replied, 'I have another greeting for you, as you for me. You know what you owe me since yesterday. I have waited all through the interminable night for this respectable, conventional hour. Have I not been patient?'

Juliana felt the blood rush to her temples, and as quickly back

to her heart. The sense of helplessness increased upon her. If he now took from her lips the kiss that was to be sacred seal to her revelation, she must indeed speak; but it would be in shame, with inexpressible reluctance. It must be to bid him leave the wife, since he had failed to honour the woman.

He rose abruptly and stood close to her. Her eyelids fell from the sight of him. Yet, even as in the beech glade, she did not turn her head nor droop it from him.

'Oh,' he cried, fury in his voice. 'Juliana, you drive me mad! You are not fair to me, you are not fair to me, Juliana. These weary hours I have thought of nothing but your lips—and now, as you sit there, I could as soon touch them as strike a child. Oh, in truth, love has not come your way!' Backwards and forwards he paced, as he stormed. 'I might have known it. Cold, cold as ice, you stood and taunted me when I had lost you. Aye, when I had lost you!'

Juliana followed him with her eyes, great with unshed tears.

'Heaven preserve me from a good woman!' he went on acridly. 'Oh, you had a man's soul in your hands, and you flung him to perdition upon this icy prudery. What are those tears for? There is no help in tears for us; I want your smiles, aye, and your kisses, your kisses, my only love! Cold saint, what have I to do with you? I will have the woman of the Abbey, with her deep gaze of tenderness. You drew me into your soul, that night. But to-day, this day of spring, this day made for us, you sit as stone, and offer me what? Tears! And all because of some mummary, some words muttered between two whose hearts mocked the promise they made, because of a blessing mumbled to order! Ye Gods, I am the married man on that! And fie, cries virtue, approach me not!'

'You are speaking very loud, milord,' said Spiridion's grave voice.

He came in upon them through the open French window. Juliana turned her head, but could not speak; her lip quivered piteously. The tears that had been slowly welling suddenly fell down the pale cheeks. At the sight Spiridion's heart leaped.

'Milord,' he went on, trembling with anger, 'I have not heard much of what you were saying so hotly and my ear is unfamiliar with your speech, but my dear one's face is eloquent: you have pained her, milord. Perhaps, *Dieu me pardonne*, insulted her! What gross mistake have I been making here, sir?'

'I beg you, dear Godfather——' faltered Juliana.

The young man stood, looking from one to the other with hard eyes.

'Let Madame explain how it stands between her and me,' he said brutally. 'Ah,' he cried, with his bad laugh, 'she has told you nothing, then? She has allowed you to bring us together, for which, *mon cher Comte*, I am deeply obliged.' He bowed ironically. Then his eyes flared back upon the woman: 'You were not such adamant but that you wanted at least to see me again. Oh, Juliana, I am patient. I can wait. I shall wait!'

He threw his hand out at her with a gesture of intolerable mastery, intolerable menace. There was a triumph about him that was almost that of a madman. The chivalric Comte de la Roche-Amand suffocated. He took two steps to place himself between them.

'Milord——' he began huskily.

But here his voice was drowned and his purpose confused by loud crunching sounds on the gravel of the terrace. Wheels, of which they had been all too much absorbed to notice the approach, were rolling up to the very door.

'Milord,' resumed the old Count then, with his air of antique dignity, 'there arrives to me, it seems, an unexpected visit. We must speak together later. My dear daughter, would you not prefer to retire? Yes? Let me conduct you to your room.'

Juliana, rising, mechanically placed her hand in his. But ere she had taken a step, she paused. The sound of a high, defiant voice from the hall struck her ear.

'Announce Lady Wroth—Miladi Wroth,' it was commanding in broken French.

Juliana felt Spiridion's convulsive start. Her eyes sought Wroth's—nothing could have kept their gaze from commingling at that moment. No surprise was on his countenance—nothing but a livid rage, and in his eyes the evil fire. Those eyes said: 'All this is nothing to me. Let her come; you are mine.'

Strength came back to her with a stab of outraged pride.

'You are right, Godfather, bring me away from this,' she said determinedly. On the threshold she swept past Peggie (for it was Peggie, fair and flaunting, with an insolent smile, yet a shifting and uneasy, inquiring glance), gave her but one hard, commanding look, and moved away, leaning upon Spiridion's arm.

But at the foot of the stairs she paused and shuddered : Wroth's laugh—the laugh of his wedding feast—pursued her.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN the execution of her mad freak Peggie had evidently come prepared for more than one eventuality, but hardly for that of finding herself face to face with Juliana at the very outset of her interview with Wroth. And her heart began to beat heavily against her fair bosom.

But her foster-sister's imperious look, the whole expression of her attitude as she had silently passed by, was more than sufficient to convince the girl, with the quick-wittedness that served her in lieu of deeper judgment, that Juliana was still unpacified and still bent upon keeping her secret.

The situation seemed to Peggie as silly as it was incomprehensible ; but it suited her game. For some time longer, then, she, Peggie, was still to be Lady Wroth ; she saw her way clear, at any rate, for the moment.

In her best theatrical manner she acknowledged the grave, almost hostile, bow that the Comte de la Roche-Amand had made to her before passing out ; then she entered the salon.

She turned then upon Wroth with a magnificent swoop of silks. His greeting would have brought confirmation of her quick surmises, had confirmation been required.

'Lady Wroth—Lady Wroth !' He ground the words between his teeth. 'I might have known it ! I have been dogged by curses ever since I was born.'

Peggie stood a moment silent, then closed the door with an affectation of ease and came forward, eager, expectant—though of what she hardly knew herself. She was alone with the man she loved, in the most extraordinary of situations. If the fates inspired her to play her cards well, what a hand she held ! She flounced into a seat as much because her knees were trembling under her, as because of the greater dignity she felt it would give to her attitude.

He stood by the window, his back now towards her ; the shafts of sunlight piercing through the laths of the shutters were striping his broad shoulders. Her eyes rested on him admiringly. Then she began, her heart beating into her voice. Yet it was with a

taunt she began. Peggie, like most of her class, knew no better way of challenging the masculine interest.

'You are not particularly polite, my lord and husband, are you?' She tittered nervously and gasped for breath. 'Nor very consistent. I'm not to run away with any other man; I'm not to come after you. A kind of dog-in-the-manger situation, this, isn't it?'

Still the averted head; still the turned shoulder. She thought, vaguely, that his hair was like fire in that bar of sunshine. And then, with a fresh gasp and titter, she shot her second arrow:

'Yes, indeed, I think you're scarcely gallant, Lord Wroth. When a lady takes the trouble to come all the way from England to see you, and that lady happens to be your wife, by your own choice, it would be prettier manners not to stand there with your back to her! If you did not want to be found out, dear George!'—she said the word with a new affectation—'you should not let your servants sell your secrets so cheap. I got the address for a crown—'pon honour—at your lordship's London rooms. And, indeed,' she repeated, as Wroth's silence and immobility began to provoke her out of the tremulous emotion into which his presence had cast her—'indeed, when you are in pursuit of another lady, a lady who'—her tongue tripped—'whom, I mean, you did not select to wed, my lord, why, a little more discretion in your proceedings might have been becoming. Eh, my lord—dear George, have you nothing to say to me?' Here fury all at once seized her. Her voice broke shrilly. 'And so it's the prude, the fine countess, the good woman, who's keeping another body's husband from her!'

Even as she spoke, Peggie, in her histrionic excitability, was overcome by the conviction that she was deeply injured. But the next phrase of vituperation that came leaping to her lips was strangled by sheer terror as he wheeled round upon her at last, a dark figure against the barred sunlight of the window. With slow step he swung up to her and halted; and then she saw that his face was extraordinarily pale even for him. 'He looks like the devil himself,' she thought, and cringed, then tried to stiffen her courage.

He folded his arms, as if to keep himself from touching her, and she saw that they trembled. 'For two pins he'd throttle me!' flashed through her head. His voice, however, was very low as he spoke; and very few were the words he said. But they were charged with loathing:

'The bargain was that you were to keep out of my way—not to venture within my presence. You know what you married me for—well, you got it. If you come under my eyes again, you lose it; take that as my last warning. Begone out of this house. How dare you sit in her chair—begone, I say!'

He flung out one hand, pointing to the door with a gesture of indescribable fierceness. She gave a kind of sobbing scream and subsided at his feet, half in real, half in theatrical anguish.

'George, George, you're cruel! What bargain? I made no bargain.'

He started back from her touch.

'God! woman, don't you see I am capable of murder——'

She heard the door open, and through her dishevelled hair (an artful touch or two had wrought disorder into that wealth of yellow curls) she saw the grey-headed gentleman stand looking in upon them with anger and disdain. Then she crouched again picturesquely on the floor and broke into wild weeping.

'Milord,' said Spiridion, 'this passes all bounds! I pray you make no scandal in my house. For me, an old man, it is of little consequence. But I have a guest, and her I will protect. I must beg you, since it seems this is milady, your wife, to take her away with you. This instant. Her carriage still waits.'

Wroth stood glaring at the speaker a second; cast then a look at Peggie on the floor, turned from her and with a quick stealthy leap, sprang from the window into the garden. His running steps were heard for a moment, crunching on the path, and were lost.

'Milady,' said the distressed old Count, laying his hand on Peggie's heaving shoulder, 'pray, allow me—let me assist you to rise.'

She lifted her streaming face. 'Heavens,' she moaned, 'he is my husband, and I love him!' Then she marked the severity of his gaze; and dimmed with tears though her eyes were, they were able to read inexorable dismissal. She had no notion of relinquishing her post of vantage in the house of her enemy. So, seeing that there was nothing for it but a swoon, she swooned.

In the sitting-room which opened off her apartment, Juliana sat at her table, deliberately absorbed in a business letter to her Italian factor, when Spiridion knocked at the door and entered upon her.

'Well, is she gone?'

She had not turned from her task; her tone was dry. The Comte gazed in a bewildered way for a moment at the knot of dense black hair surmounting the nape of her neck, warm ivory against the escaping dark tendrils. He had lost his bearings completely—poor old matchmaker! What an incomprehensible business was this! Had Juliana known of her lover's marriage? Had she but learned it this morning, when he had found her pale and with tearful eyes in that scene in which milord had talked so loud and which had left him in such bitter anger? Certain it was that Juliana had displayed none of the anguish with which the entrance of Lady Wroth must have overwhelmed her; had she hitherto been unaware of her existence?

Juliana wheeled round as if impatient at his silence.

'That woman, has she gone?' she repeated.

'It is noticeable,' thought Spiridion, 'that it is not his departure she demands.' And he felt strangely embarrassed before this Juliana he did not know, wanting the smallest clue to her story, painfully conscious of the irritation and scorn written on her countenance; conscious also that the news he was bringing would but serve to increase them.

'My child——' He hesitated. 'The lady, the stranger—she is taken ill. Overcome by distress. A woman in distress, in a fainting condition, dear Juliana——'

Juliana rose sharply to her feet; a quiver ran through her as she poised herself. The pansy eyes turned steel.

'You have not kept her here?'

'My dear,' said the old man gravely, 'I could not turn her out. Have you not understood? She is ill.'

'Oh, she—ill!'

Juliana sat down again as abruptly as she had risen. She beat the back of her chair, once or twice; then she spoke again, more quietly, yet with that hard quality of voice that, coming from her lips, caused positive suffering to the listener.

'Your roof cannot shelter both of us, *parrain*.'

'My beloved,' he protested, haggard with the distress of thwarting her, 'my little Juliana, but I tell you she is prostrate. Madame Thomas is in attendance upon her. I have placed her away in the west wing. In common humanity—my daughter. Think. Abandoned by her husband——'

A singular smile passed over her lips. Spiridion had never thought of seeing such a smile on them.

'Her husband has abandoned her, has he?' she asked.

'He jumped out of the window, like a madman. When I came into the room the poor young creature was at his feet, in tears.'

'The whole thing sickens me!' cried Juliana with sudden violence. 'I will hear no more—let me finish my letter.'

She turned back on her chair again. The Comte de la Roche-Amand stood a moment longer, gazing upon her. From its expression of anxious doubt, his face settled into lines of sternness. Without another word he left the room.

Juliana went on writing steadily till she had finished her letter. It was concluded, however, with a sentence that its opening had not forecast: 'I will myself be in Florence within a week after you receive this. Have all in readiness.' Then she rang sharply for Pantón. As the woman entered, all bustle and indignation, with yet a twinkle of humour in her flushed countenance, her mistress forestalled her, repressively:

'Pantón, that creature is here. I don't want your views of the matter. I want you to pack.'

The twinkle vanished from Pantón's eye. Dismay took its place.

'Your ladyship—'

'That is enough; we leave to-morrow morning. Warn Annibale.'

'Pon my word, your ladyship, what with packing and unpacking, running after and running away, it's a very queer business your ladyship is making of it all. I will speak, I must, my lady!' said the woman, stoutly, planting her physical as well as her moral amplitude determinedly before her mistress. 'It's high time your ladyship should tell the poor young nobleman what's what. As to that trollop there—no more ill than I am, my lady, but just taking in the old gentleman and that Frenchwoman of his, with her sobs and her swoonds—it's high time my lord should know she's as much his wife as I am. You're acting against the Bible and against nature, your ladyship, and mischief will come of it. Would not anybody be glad to have such a fine young man as her husband? What if his hair's red? your ladyship liked him well enough to go all the way back to England after him. It was your ladyship's done it, you should remember that.'

'Go and pack, Pantón,' said Juliana.

(To be continued.)

HIS NINETIETH YEAR.

SCENE I.—*On the Via Sacra.*

[PATER and FILIUS are driving in a tightly-closed brougham to Buckingham Palace. Both have got their best clothes on. The old artist looks beautifully clean and spruce, and on each cheek has a little patch of pink, the colour of an excited child going to his first pantomime.]

PATER (*peers out*). Whereabouts are we?

FILIUS. Bottom of Sloane Street. Do you know what that is?

PATER. What?

FILIUS. That new stone building there, where the scaffolding is.

PATER. No. What is it?

FILIUS. Christian Scientists' Church. I'm told they've spent no end of money on it.

PATER (*drily*). Have they! Wonder where they got it from.

FILIUS. Supporters. Rich supporters.

PATER. Gr-racious heavens! What a lot of fools there are in the world, still. (*Half to himself*) And, s'far as I can see, the biggest and most dangerous fool of all is generally the most highly educated. (*Panic-struck, as the brougham stops in Sloane Square behind a huge, somnolent dray*) I say, why doesn't he get on? We shall be late.

FILIUS. Not we. Plenty of time. You're not summoned till half-past eleven. Feel nervous?

PATER. Not the least. What's there to feel nervous about? (*Nervously*) I suppose I shall have to take my gloves off, shan't I?

FILIUS. Of course. (*As PATER begins to unbutton smart new gloves*) No, not yet; not till you get inside.

PATER (*anxiously*). But I shall have to take them off, shan't I, to shake hands?

FILIUS. Rather! Unless you want to be sent to the Tower.

PATER (*laughs*). No; but where are we now?

FILIUS. Just going through Eaton Square. Look, there's the time; quarter-past eleven. We're all right. By the way, how long is it since you've seen His Majesty?

PATER. Not since I painted him in '63. Not to speak to.

FILIUS. But you've been to Buckingham Palace ?

PATER. Never, that I remember. I've been to St. James's.

FILIUS. When was that ?

PATER (*ruminating*). When was that ? That was in '35 or '36. My uncle knew one of the Court pages, a man named Hulse, who took us both in. I saw William IV., or rather I saw his head ; odd-shaped head, with white hair on it. I saw O'Connell there the same day. Some one came up and asked him for a frank, and I had a good look at him as he sat down and wrote it out.

FILIUS. What was O'Connell doing in St. James's Palace ?

PATER (*simply*). Hanged if I know, but I most certainly saw him there. (*Peers out*) Where are we ? Is that the Palace ?

FILIUS. Stables.

PATER. What's the time ?

FILIUS. Twenty past eleven.

PATER. Then I think I'd better begin taking my gloves off. (*Shivers slightly*.) I say ! it's cold.

FILIUS. You feel cold, my boy, 'cos you're in such a dooce and all of a funk.

PATER (*stoutly*). Not a bit of a funk ! (*Annoyed*.) Now, isn't it like that confounded glove, to go sticking just when I'm in a hurry.

FILIUS (*soothingly*). No hurry whatever. Here, let me. (*Assists him with gloves*.) Now mind you behave nicely, and for heaven's sake don't you speak unless you're spoken to. (*Solemnly*) It ain't etiquette.

PATER. Etiquette be — !

FILIUS. Father ! on such a day ?

PATER (*laughs*). Well, surely I can ask where my picture of the 'Royal Wedding' is ?

FILIUS. Better not. You'll only get yourself into trouble. Hullo ! here we are.

[*Puts head out to policeman who stops carriage at Palace gates.*

'Yes, it's for an Investiture.'—'All right.'—'Yes, I know.'

—'We're going to the Privy Purse Office.']

PATER. What's he say ?

FILIUS. He wants us to go to the Grand Entrance. I've told him we're going to the Secretary's room. I've no doubt he'll let us wait there by the fire, till you're sent for.

PATER (*nervously, as carriage drives through Palace courtyard*). You're coming too, aren't you ?

FILIUS. Only as far as the Secretary's room.

PATER. No further ?

FILIUS. I'm afraid they won't let me. You'll be all right alone. It can't be far. (*As carriage stops at Privy Purse entrance*) Here we are. Capital good time. Now then !

PATER (*unpacks himself and gets out*). Now for it ! (*Chatters.*) Good Lord !

[*Scene closes as PATER and FILIUS disappear within Palace, arm-in-arm.*]

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—**SECRETARY** to *Privy Purse's Office*, and elsewhere in the Palace, towards *The Presence*.

[*PATER is helped out of fur coat, and gradually regains warmth and confidence in front of a magnificent fire. He even hums a little. Meantime messengers and officials come and go with documents and messages. FILIUS covertly watches PATER, and notes with satisfaction that the pink colour is returning to the cheeks that went so white as the carriage stopped.*]

FILIUS (*aside to him*). Feeling warmer ?

PATER (*with the haughty coolness of a man who has lived in palaces all his life*). Much warmer.

FILIUS. And not a bit nervous, eh ?

PATER. Not a bit. But I hope they won't be long. It's the waiting that's so trying. Like the dentist. Wish I hadn't taken my gloves off ; something to do.

[*Balances himself on his heels, and hums, with coat tails up in front of fire. To whom, in the interval of business, courteous SECRETARY comes to explain that if there is any delay it is because his Majesty has another investiture to make ; that it is, in fact, a regular Investiture Day ; that the Lord Chamberlain, he understands, will be present ; that, in short, it will not be altogether the private and informal affair PATER was comforting himself with. Also, that by not coming in at the Grand Entrance, half the Palace will have to be traversed by him before reaching The Presence. Consternation of FILIUS, who has visions of PATER being carried thither by royal footmen.*]

PATER (*to SECRETARY, to show he doesn't care*). I suppose you can't tell me now where my picture of the 'Royal Wedding' is ?

SECRETARY. Isn't it at Windsor?

PATER (*vexed*). That's just what I want to know. (*With some severity*) And where's 'Ramsgate Sands'?

SECRETARY. At Windsor, too, I think, in the private rooms.

FILIUS (*to pass the time*). That's the picture the Queen bought on the private view day, isn't it?

PATER (*brightening*). That's it. I'll tell you. But it wasn't on the private view day, it was the day before, when the royalties usually come. I had to be there because I was on the Council, and I saw Eastlake come into the big room at Trafalgar Square with the Queen and the Prince Consort, and stop in front of my picture. Then Eastlake came up to me to ask if the thing was sold, because if not her Majesty was anxious to buy it. I told him it was unfortunately already disposed of to Lloyd, the picture dealer, who'd given me a thousand guineas for it. I can see now the way the Queen shrugged her shoulders when Eastlake went back and reported what I'd said; as much as to say, 'Oh, picture dealer! Outrageous profit wanted, of course.' However—(*as gigantic royal footman enters to announce the time has come*) What's he say? Well, just let me finish. Lloyd's people had the sense to give the picture up for the same price, on the understanding they should have the loan of it after the exhibition for three years, for engraving. (*Continues while FILIUS and SECRETARY exchange hurried asides*) Sharp engraved it, beautifully, and as the Art Union paid 3000*l.* for the plate, Lloyd must have done pretty well out of it. It was called in the catalogue 'Life at the Seaside,' y'know, not 'Ramsgate Sands.'—Well, what is it? Must we go?

FILIUS (*takes his arm*). Yes, come along. I'm going to be allowed to take you as far as the Equerry, just to see you don't go astray. I'm told it's a long way round, and there are a few stairs. Now then! We shall be back again directly; sooner than you think for.

[*And so they go out, following gigantic footman in scarlet swallow-tail coat and black trousers, who marches ahead of them with a curious lounging, solemn, processional sort of gait. Very impressive. At any rate it impresses FILIUS, though not apparently to the same extent his PATER. Arm-in-arm they go, round sharp corners and along corridors whereof one side is all glass, opening on to an interior court, and the other hung with innumerable pictures, of all shapes and sizes—pictures that rather convey the impres-*

sion of having been sent there to be out of the way. PATER comments on them fearlessly as he passes : ' That's a beastly thing ! '—' Wonder who did that ? Not bad ? '—' Oh, Lord ! What did they want to hang that for ? ' Then round more sharp corners, down a few steps, along electric-lighted passages strangely narrow for a palace, oddly enough recalling the ways below deck of some great Atlantic liner with the cabin doors facing each other on either hand. Then a few steps up, always at the same highly impressive rate of speed, neither slow, nor fast, but a progression *sui generis* ; the rate at which the Empire advances, without ever looking back, towards complete fruition. And as he thinks of that Empire and the great heart and head of it they are so steadily and solemnly approaching, FILIUS' eyes feel a smarting tendency towards saltiness, while PATER plods pluckily along beside him, taking great care of his feet—where he plants them—as he goes down stairs, occasionally murmuring his thankfulness that FILIUS was permitted to accompany him. Never would have managed it by himself. Never ! Then he pulls up short alongside of a large picture, full of figures, hung in one of the corridors they are passing through.]

PATER. Hullo ! What's this ? Half a moment ; let's have a look.

FILIUS (*who catches sight of artist's name 'Haydon' on the frame, and is fearful of losing sight of gigantic footman always walking on ahead and never turning to look back*). No, we'll see it on our way back. It's Haydon's picture of the 'Mock Election.' You remember ; George IV. bought it ; gave him 500 guineas for it.

PATER. No ? (*Wonderfully interested*) Oh, we must have a look at that ; if we ever get back alive. Now, don't forget. Why, I remember little Solomon Hart telling me a funny story about that.

FILIUS (*anything to keep him going*). What was it ?

PATER (*as they go along*). Why, poor Haydon was in the Fleet, you know, imprisoned for debt, and painted it there. They were nearly all portraits of his fellow-prisoners, and he was anxious to add Hart's father to the collection. Solomon Hart wasn't exactly pretty, but his old father was an ancient Hebrew of the most repulsive type. So Hart, who was a most devoted son, wrote off

in a fury to Haydon, as of course he knew the old gentleman was only wanted in a scene of that kind because of his typical ugliness.

FILIUS. And there it ended ?

PATER (*chuckles*). Not quite. Haydon wrote back a most repentant letter, and as a token of forgiveness begged Solomon to allow his good old father to come and breakfast with him one Sunday morning in the Fleet. The old gentleman went, and then, on reflection, Solomon thought he might as well look in and see what they were doing. You see, he knew his father's rather weak nature, and he also knew R. B. Haydon. Sure enough, he found Haydon hard at work, just finishing a wonderful likeness of the old man swearing in a dandy on a piece of burnt stick. (*Laughs*) Wasn't it like him ?

FILIUS. Look out ! Here we are ! Mustn't laugh.

PATER (*chatters*). Good Lord !

[*For suddenly a long and broad corridor opens out before them ; it is very evenly warmed (as though no such thing as a draught had ever been known there) and very strangely still and lifeless, and yet half-way down it a group of human beings, men, are evidently awaiting PATER and FILIUS as arm-in-arm they paddle along towards them—they, 'whose footfalls tinkle on the tufted floor'—past pictures, pigeon-breasted Winterhalters, and glacial groups of sculpture by Lough (one guesses) or Macdowell, in complete and for the moment awestruck silence. The royal footman has somehow disappeared, though no man saw him vanish, and the group of men, some in black coat and some in scarlet, and one resplendent in Equerry's uniform with white kid gloves, face up the corridor in impassive silence and the not-unstately immobility of a group of waxwork, evidently closely watching PATER and FILIUS as gradually they draw nearer, afflicted with both alarm and diffidence. Clearly, these are the guardians of the last avenue and approach to The Presence, and they are so still, so deathly quiet, because from time immemorial they have been schooled never to disturb the triumphal music, the drumming of the man's heart, the blithe fifeing in the ears of the hero ; of him, in short, whose long exposure on the battlefield or in the councils of the tropics, guarding either the outposts of Empire or toiling for its welfare at home, has at last brought him hither to receive his reward at the hands of his Sovereign. ' This is*

your day,' they seem to say, 'And we are instructed neither to speak nor to move, nor almost even to breathe, for fear of ruffling the divine atmosphere of it.'

So it seems at least to FILIUS, and yet after all it may only be the mere boredom of a Court they all express so statuesquely. And the next moment the dream gauzes are rent, shifting like the film of a cinematograph, for the splendid Equerry steps forward and bows, and PATER, who seems for the moment to have shrunk, is produced from off and under FILIUS' arm and duly presented.]

FILIUS (for the first time alarmed at his temerity). I thought it best just to accompany my father. The fact is—the Secretary thought—

EQUERRY (most splendid and handsome and courteously reassuring). You did quite right. We will come in here, please, and wait. His Majesty is for the moment engaged.

[Introductions to Lord-in-waiting, bows and salutations, and they all pass from the corridor into an ample, pillared, semicircular hall looking out on the Palace gardens at the back and the lake. PATER makes immediately for the fire, but refuses to sit. He touches up his hair at the sides, to bring it forward a little more becomingly over each ear, and listens deferentially to the Lord-in-waiting's final instructions as to his behaviour in the royal presence. But not having heard one word of the courtly, subdued utterance, he begs FILIUS to repeat it.]

PATER. What does he say?

FILIUS (dares not bawl, but hisses). His Majesty is graciously pleased to excuse you from kneeling at your investiture. On account of your age. You need not kneel.

PATER. I wasn't going to.

FILIUS. No, but you must bow when His Majesty gives you his hand, and I am to tell you that it would be as well if you were to kiss it.

PATER. Do what?

FILIUS. Kiss it.

PATER. Anything's better than kneeling. They'd never have got me up again, if I'd had to kneel. (Scratches left whisker and hums.)

[Meantime, the EQUERRY slightly opens a door on their right, quite an ordinary door that might lead into any Queen's

Gate Gardens dining-room, but does lead, FILIUS instinctively feels, into The Presence. The EQUERRY opens it and peeps in, doubtless to see if the destined moment has arrived; but recognising it has yet to come, closes the door and with soldierly tread lounges the whole length of the hall, his white kid gloves clasped behind him and his eyes fixed on the carpet.

PATER hums, rather louder; not exactly a tune, but a series of high and low notes; an easy, unconstrained succession of ah-ha's, as he thoughtfully caresses his whisker. EQUERRY returns and re-opens fateful door, enters, and disappears.]

PATER (*half aside*). I wonder what's become of the decorations Edwin Landseer told me he and Etty painted in the summer-house in the grounds here. I believe they were the Seasons; something of that kind. I know Etty's was the usual nymph business, so I suppose he did Summer. Edwin said the Prince Consort was not at all pleased when he saw it; wanted it crossed out. (*Chuckles as EQUERRY suddenly returns.*)

EQUERRY (*advances to PATER, with charming smile*). Now, sir, if you'll kindly come in. (*With radiance, to FILIUS*) And His Majesty wishes your son to accompany you.

[PATER squares shoulders and advances stoutly, alone. FILIUS follows, tottering, and somehow, though in what order he knows not, they all enter *The Presence*.]

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—*The Investiture.*

[A room, of which the alarmed and partially paralysed FILIUS can only remember a fireplace where a gentleman stands smiling at them as they enter, a window on the left, and a large round table with a highly polished surface at the R.C. As FILIUS' panic gradually subsides he sees that, though the gentleman who stands there smiling is not His Majesty but evidently another Equerry, still His Majesty is there, smiling, too, most graciously, and advancing to PATER with outstretched hand. PATER returns the royal handshake with what looks like equal warmth, but makes no attempt at osculation. Afterwards, he point-blank denied having ever received any such instruction. First he ever heard of it.]

THE KING. How do you do, Mr. Frith? I am very glad to see you. I hope you are quite well?

PATER (*in rather a high and quavering voice*). Quite well, sir, thank you.

THE KING. I understand you enter to-day on your ninetieth year?

PATER. Yes, sir, I do.

THE KING. I am very glad to mark so auspicious a day, and at the same time to show my appreciation of your long service to the cause of British Art, by presenting you with the Victorian Order. The Commandership of the Victorian Order.

PATER (*his voice growing stronger*). I am much obliged to your Majesty.

THE KING (*takes case containing Cross and Ribbon of the Order from Equerry*). I hope, Mr. Frith, you will live for many years to wear and enjoy it.

PATER (*simply*). Thank you, sir, very much.

[*His Majesty hands the open case, and PATER takes it with a low courtly bow. His Majesty smiles; PATER smiles. Everyone smiles. A slight pause.*]

THE KING (*graciously to FILIUS*). Your father looks very well.

FILIUS (*inaudibly*). Yes, your Majesty.

[*It is, by the way, on the tip of his tongue to say 'So does your Majesty!' when there flashes on him the recollection of the interview between Dr. Johnson and George III. at Norfolk House, and of how Dr. Johnson said, 'Who was I that I should bandy compliments with my Sovereign?' So he contents himself with mumbling 'Yes, your Majesty,' and so low a bow that he very nearly topples over on his head.*]

THE KING. And where do you live now, Mr. Frith? In the country?

FILIUS (*aside*). Good heavens! Now we shall have a long account of Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood.

PATER. No, your Majesty; I live in London, in St. John's Wood.

THE KING. And you still paint, I understand.

PATER. Yes, your Majesty.

THE KING. I hope, Mr. Frith, you will continue to paint and to enjoy good health for many years to come.

[*And again His Majesty shakes hands with great cordiality. Evidently it is all over. And now we must all go out*]

backwards, FILIUS supposes. He backs towards the door which the Equerry has opened, and through which PATER stalks unconcernedly in the usual manner, as if leaving the Queen's Gate Gardens dining-room and by no means The Presence. He clutches tight the case containing his Cross and Ribbon, and orders FILIUS not to touch it when he attempts to relieve him of it.]

FILIUS. Well, that's all over. It wasn't so very alarming, after all, was it?

PATER. Not in the least alarming. I enjoyed it.

FILIUS. Come along, then; let's get back to the brougham again as fast as we can. Remember, you've got to dine out to-night.

PATER (*coolly*). What of it? Must dine somewhere.

[They shake hands with the Equerry and the Lord-in-Waiting, and re-pass the corridor, which is by now quite deserted. A gentleman suddenly strikes in upon them from a side passage with a book and pencil for all particulars for next day's 'Court Circular,' while ahead walks a royal footman, another, not quite so gigantic, nor so processional in his gait. And PATER talks the whole while, forgetting all about poor Haydon's picture and even making the royal footman laugh a little as he describes how he fell downstairs, only the other day at home, and doesn't propose to repeat the operation in Buckingham Palace.]

PATER. You see, I was standing at the head of the stairs looking at the ladies coming up, and I was trying to make out who they were. So I wasn't looking where I put my feet, and down I fell and made my nose bleed. No, I won't do it again.

FILIUS. Well, this has been a great day. Aren't you glad it's all so well over?

PATER (*patronisingly*). Very glad. By the way, directly I get home I mustn't forget to send a long account of it to Jane.

FILIUS (*severely*). Jane? Who's Jane?

PATER. Why, you know Jane. My old sister, of course. Your aunt. I promised I'd write at once.

[They disappear round a sharp corner, past Haydon's picture, arm-in-arm, talking and laughing.]

(*Curtain.*)

WALTER FRITH.

*JENA PAST AND PRESENT; OR, THE ATHENS
OF THE SAALE.*

'No other place in Germany could ever be to me what Jena and its surroundings are, for I am convinced that nowhere else is to be found such perfect rational freedom and so many distinguished men gathered together in so small a space.' So wrote the poet Schiller of the little town which has been often called the 'Athens of the Saale.'

A quaint old town is Jena, with crooked streets, red-tiled old houses, a fifteenth-century church with peasant women sitting on the steps selling the charmingly glazed blue and yellow pots which give the kitchens of Jena the air of an art-studio, a market-place with the statues of the founder of the university and of Martin Luther, and many unexpected narrow passages, with sudden and curious odours of cabbages, herrings, pickled cucumbers, the smoke of sausages roasted in the open air, and cheese quickening into stirring life. In addition to these characteristic features, Jena has a romantic past, a prosperous present, and a rosy future. Its prosperity is obvious to the merest stranger, for new red villas are breaking out all over the hillsides, quaint gables and carved balconies are vanishing off the face of the earth, narrow and cobbled streets are being swept away, and new-paved streets with roomy ventilated buildings are taking their places, a magnificent new 'Volkshaus,' unique in Germany, stands in finished and dignified grandeur, and a new university is arising in a suitable situation. The old castle of the Thuringian dukes and the old house where Schiller gave his first lecture have been razed to the ground to make way for it, for progress means bitter farewells to old memories, however confident we may be of the new future.

Jena lies in a beautiful valley at the meeting of the river Saale and the Leutra, though the latter river, which babbled joyously to Goethe and Schiller, is now almost dried up. The town is surrounded on all sides by romantic hills dotted over with tiny red villages, and often crowned with towers and ruined castles. The old students' songs describe the town in a few characteristic words ;

Auf den Bergen die Burgen,
Im Thale die Saale,
Die Mädchen im Städtchen,
Einst alles wie heut ;

and

An der Saale hellem Strande
Stehen Burgen stolz und kühn.

Schiller was made a professor in Jena in 1789, and so great was the number of students at his first lecture that the auditorium overflowed, and the largest hall in the town was hastily secured to accommodate the eager crowd. For ten years Schiller lived and worked in Jena, in those charmed days when Carl August reigned in Weimar, patronising art and letters, and swaying beneficently the destinies of the Jena University. Intellectually, this period was the blossoming time in the history of Jena, when great men of the earth congregated here teaching and attracting crowds of keen disciples. Schiller lived in pleasant companionship with Fichte, Schelling, the two Schlegels, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and later Goethe, and it is small wonder that he found the society of Jena stimulating. Interesting to the Schiller pilgrim are the little old church in Wenigenjena where Schiller married Charlotte, and his country garden where he wrote 'Wallenstein.' The old stone table still stands in a shady spot in the garden, and the inscription gladdens the heart of the pilgrim : 'At this old stone table Goethe and Schiller often sat, exchanging great and good words with each other.' Eckermann is responsible for the statement, though Goethe himself in his letters speaks with tenderness of the peaceful hours spent in Schiller's garden, the twain listening to the glad rushing of the Leutra.

Schiller's friendship was to Goethe a stimulating influence, and he says he owes to it 'a second youth.' Jena and its surroundings affected him favourably. He writes : 'Ever am I in Jena a happy being, for I owe to no other place so many productive moments.' In one of these happy moments he wrote the 'Erl König' in a crude wayside inn in Wenigenjena, near the church where Schiller married Charlotte. The story was told him in the inn, of the Kunitz peasant bearing his child home through the elf-haunted meadows, and finding him dead on his arrival. Goethe was so affected that he wrote the poem on the spot over his German beer-mug. The road to Kunitz lies along the Saale, through meadows thick with purple crocuses and fringed with alders,

willows, and barberry-bushes burning crimson with autumn berries. In the silver moonlight one catches sounds of far-off strains of music 'sad as death,' and then one knows that the elves are abroad. Enticingly fair are these elves, as the sirens luring the Greek mariners, with eyes like stars, hair like spun gold and shining raiment, but inwardly they 'are hollow as the bread-trough,' and they love to lure mortals, particularly bridegrooms, to destruction. Goethe's ballad weaves all the lore of the place into the pathos of the story; and as one walks through these meadows on a dark night one realises the whole situation, for—

The Erl King's daughter dances still
When moonbeams and music play on the hill.

And when the moon rises you may see the ghostly Erl König himself, with his beard and crown, standing with startling distinctness among the grey alders, for the lore-loving Jena folk have carved him out of white marble and set him on the hillside in memory of Goethe's ballad. In another productive moment Goethe wrote 'Hermann und Dorothea' in the old castle, now, alas! destroyed to make space for the new university. Students' myths have gathered around the great name of Goethe to distinguish him as a giant among men. One story runs that he strode into Jena one day from Dornburg, very much athirst intellectually, and, tipping back the roof of the old university like the lid of a German beer-mug, he raised the building to his lips, blew off the foam (the *Privat-docenten*, lecturing in the top storey), quaffed the contents at a draught, including the professors and all their learning, and then, rubbing an *echten deutschen Salamander* to the 'eternally feminine,' which shook the old market-place and made the statue of the founder of the university tremble, he strode off again to Dornburg, and returned after many days with the second part of 'Faust' completed.

The castle at Dornburg is on the Saale, some distance beyond Kunitz; it is a country house of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and was constantly used by Goethe in the old Weimar days. The castle is surrounded by briars and bushes, and the peasants say it is situated on the very spot where the Sleeping Beauty slept her long sleep; and they are surely to be believed, for Grimm himself took down many of his stories from the lips of these Thuringian peasants, and if one cannot credit original sources, history would indeed become an unworthy fiction.

To see Goethe (says Heine) was to study Greek art as from the antique. His eye, even in advanced old age, was as divine as in his youth. His head, too, though whitened with the snows of age, remained erect to the last. He always carried his head high, and when he spoke he seemed to grow taller and statelier, and when he stretched out his hand it was as though by pointing with his finger he could prescribe to the stars their courses in heaven.

Heine, in describing a visit to him, writes :

I involuntarily took a side-glance to see whether the eagle was not there with the thunderbolt in his beak. I was on the point of addressing him in Greek, but observing that he understood German I remarked to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were excellent. Long winter evenings had I spent in dreaming of all the profound things I would say to Goethe if ever I saw him ! and when, at last, I did see him, I told him that Saxon plums were delicious. And Goethe smiled. He smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danae, Semele, and so many other princesses or simple nymphs.

Jena was famous for philosophy, and Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling all at one time taught in the university ; but philosophy rarely brings an adequate material reward, and we find Goethe writing to a friend : ' I suppose poor Hegel is short of cash, as usual. You may send him on my behalf ten thalers.' Educational theories, too, have been born in Jena. A visionary youth named Frederick Froebel, from a remote parsonage in Thuringia, came here to visit his brother like David of old, and the longing within him induced him to remain to study ; but having no money to pay his very modest expenses, he was thrown into the students' prison, where, instead of languishing, he proceeded to master the books of Euclid, and all that is mathematical in the gifts and occupations of the Kindergarten system probably dates from Froebel's incarceration in the Jena prison.

Another youth, named Herbart, attracted by the idealism of Fichte, neglected his legitimate law studies, and followed philosophy in Jena. In a fit of youthful remorse over his neglected duties he went down to the Saale to drown himself, but, recollecting in time some trifling debts, and being a youth of rectitude, he returned to discharge them, and, following out a train of educational ideas on the way, he remained to complete them, and so forgot his suicide for ever, for he spent the rest of his life in maturing his educational theories. His follower, Professor Rein, who for the last twenty years has been Professor of Education in the university, kept his sixtieth birthday in Jena this year, and received congratulations and addresses from teachers of various European nationalities who were students of these same theories,

The university was founded in 1558 by the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, who had forfeited Wittenberg to Charles V. and founded the Jena University in its stead; and his statue stands in the market-place looking for ever on the market-women selling their flowers, fruit, and fowls, and on the students drinking their beer and going about their business. The freedom of the Jena University has always been the proud boast of all connected with it. The students' drinking-songs refer to it.

Stosst an, Jena soll leben, hurrah hoch!

with the rousing chorus—

Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch,

is an example, and it is probably true that Jena is more tolerant and independent than any other part of Germany.

In Jena's glorious days, during the eighteenth century, the number of students reached 3,000. This number steadily decreased during the nineteenth century until there were barely 400 students, and even ten years ago there were only about 600; but with the dawn of the twentieth century the numbers began steadily to increase. In 1904 the thousandth student was entered, and the host of the Weimar Hof offered him free board and meals during his university career to celebrate the citizens' joy in the prosperity of the university. In the present year, 1906-7, there were over sixteen hundred students in Jena, including sixty-four women. The decrease of students during the nineteenth century is explained by the fact that other new universities were founded at the beginning of the century, and also that the German Government was suspicious of the independent and democratic views held in Jena. But the university was not without distinction even when the numbers ran low, for the smaller universities have obvious advantages which the larger universities cannot hope to emulate. Hundreds of students, it is true, may be stimulated by oral lectures if the professor has the power of touching humanity in the mass, but, if not, the hundreds may go to sleep. Modern university teaching no longer depends on lecturing to masses. Practical work, hospital work, laboratory work, experimental teaching, outdoor work, and discussions form an important part, and with small numbers this kind of work is more effective. In spite of the liberal ideas of Jena, the attitude towards women students was for many years retrograde. Jena was one of the last of the German universities

to admit women. The old Grand Duke of Weimar, the official head of the Jena University, was opposed to women students, and in spite of more than one appeal from English and American women who begged leave to study in Jena he remained obstinate to the end. The professors, however, were more cordial, and they welcomed women, and gave them such facilities as was possible outside the university. Fifteen years ago, some of us attended philosophical lectures held in the lunatic asylum by a distinguished professor, who wished to admit women to his classes and could not offer them the hospitality of the university lecture-rooms. After the death of the old duke, women were admitted on the same terms as men.

The atmosphere of the place exercises the same exhilaration as in the old days; a surprisingly fresh intellectual life pulsates within the town, and when you find yourself in the charmed Jena circle, desires at once awake, and you set yourself to write, to paint, to create, or, if you cannot do these things yourself, you teach others to do them.

The students' songs seek to express the satisfaction of life in Jena:

Und in Jena lebt sich bene,
Und in Jena lebt sich gut.

Many picturesque bits of old Jena still remain in spite of the progress, with its inevitable destruction. The most characteristic is the Johannesthor, with a glimpse through the old archway of the ancient Burgkeller. The Fürstengraben is the glory of Jena. Here are the old university buildings, and the botanical gardens where the ever-industrious Goethe pursued his botanical studies. The Fürstengraben is broad, shaded with trees, and adorned with the busts of great men who once taught in the university. The university library and the famous Black Bear where Luther stayed when he fled from the Wartburg, and where Bismarck also dwelt, are situated on the Fürstengraben, and the new university on the site of the old castle is opposite the Black Bear. The formal opening will take place in July 1908, just 350 years after the foundation of the university. One portion, on the site of the house where Schiller gave his first lecture, is already completed, and a tablet is set up announcing 'Hier hielt Schiller 1789 seine erste Vorlesung.' Ideas have changed concerning the building of universities since many of them were founded. The new building in Jena is simple and beautifully proportioned, with archways and Norman

pillars, cloistered quadrangle and quaintly pitched roof of red tiles. It is built of grey stone. The inside of the finished portion is, as a Jena professor said to me, 'of a style quite original.' On entering, one finds oneself in a delightful corridor, with white walls, exquisitely moulded ceiling, red-tiled floor, and a deep dado of soft blue tiles. The handsome doors to the various lecture-rooms are of oak with brass decorations, and a local grey marble from Wenigenjena is used for the stairways and balustrades; and one is pleased to see that women as well as men are expected as future students. The new university is largely the gift of the 'Carl Zeiss Stiftung'—a somewhat unique endowment—though the inhabitants of Jena, the Municipality of Jena, and the Government of Saxe-Weimar have contributed their respective shares.

One of the most remarkable buildings in Jena is the *Volkshaus und Lesehalle* (people's house and library), which was entirely built out of the same munificent endowment. This noble building is said to be unique in Europe. There is a magnificent hall, capable of holding 3000 people, and a fine organ; a newspaper-room where one may find daily newspapers of all nations; a magazine-room with about 360 magazines of various countries; and certain rooms set apart for scientific, statistical, political and social, weekly, monthly, and quarterly papers culled from all the countries of the world. In addition to this current literature, there is a richly filled library, and also a room devoted to children's magazines and literature, where children are freely admitted. Rooms are provided for those who wish to smoke, studios for those who wish to paint, and dark-rooms for those who wish to photograph. Collections of pictures are occasionally brought from Berlin, Munich, and other places to bring Art to the people; and, in the winter, concerts and organ recitals are given. There are, also, numbers of roomy and well-fitted class-rooms for winter classes in various subjects, a physical laboratory, and museum of physical apparatus. An adequate sum is provided out of the same endowment for the upkeep of this remarkable institution. The whole of the place is open to the people of Jena, from early in the morning until late in the evening, without any fee whatever. This unique gift to the town was made by Ernst Abbe in memory of his friend and partner Carl Zeiss. The history of Jena during the latter half of the nineteenth century cannot be written without mention of these two great and good men. Carl Zeiss was a simple workman, who in 1846 established in Jena a modest workshop for the making of optical instruments. In

1866 Ernst Abbe, a young lecturer in the university, and afterwards professor of physics, entered into partnership with him. Abbe put his whole energy and specific knowledge into the business, which afterwards became the world-renowned firm for optical instruments. Zeiss was the practical man and Abbe the theorist; and it is difficult to say which to admire most in this partnership, the kindly tact of the experienced man towards the young professor, or the behaviour of the scientific scholar, with his rich ideas, towards the modest practical man. There are chapters in the history of practical optics, tragic in their ending, the result of misunderstandings between the practical and theoretical persons concerned; but Zeiss and Abbe give us a refreshing example of the unclouded success of such co-operation. Zeiss, the real founder of the firm, had character, personality, and intelligence, and Abbe, great on the human side, well knowing how to make his intellectual superiority serviceable to the common cause, was the founder in a higher sense, in that his scientific knowledge enabled the firm to produce work unrivalled in the world of practical optics. The goodness and greatness of both men have left in Jena an example of restraint, unselfishness, and nobility of character as rare in Germany as elsewhere. Abbe was a thoughtful and consistent Socialist, and after the death of Zeiss in 1888 he pondered on the problem of absolute justice in the disposal of the vast wealth at his command, for he regarded the business not as a private possession to enrich the individual, but as a sacred trust which he held for the benefit of the community.

The workmen, both of the optical-instrument factory and of the glass-works in connection with it, were happily situated. They enjoyed an eight-hours day, which after various experiments was concluded to be reasonable, and a share of the profits as well as other emoluments. Abbe's problem was twofold—first, the disposal of the vast wealth with strict justice, so that all concerned in the accumulation of it should be duly rewarded; and, secondly, the arrangements whereby the prosperous and ever-increasing business should be placed on a permanent basis for the benefit of all concerned.

The exclusive claims of capital on the one hand, and labour on the other, he regarded as altogether unreasonable. Both masters and workmen were entitled to maintenance, reward, a share of the profits, and provision for sickness and old age in a varying degree. In addition, he considered there were two impersonal factors equally concerned in the production of the wealth, and equally meriting

reward—science, and the circumstances in which the business had arisen. Science was represented by the university, and the circumstances by the people of Jena : hence the generous gifts to the university and to the townsfolk of Jena. Ernst Abbe died in 1905 as consistent a Socialist as he lived. Simple was his manner of living, and simple was his provision for his family. Five thousand pounds each was all that he left to his widow and his two daughters. This he claimed as his own maintenance and reward. The name of Zeiss he attached to the institution and the endowment which had contributed so much to the prosperity and welfare of the university and the town. The economist, interested in the manner of the disposal of the property, may read an illuminating little work, 'Das Zeisswerk und die Carl-Zeiss-Stiftung in Jena,' by Professor Auerbach. The writer has revealed to us Ernst Abbe as a Socialistic thinker and a large-hearted man. Wise and generous regulations are made for the continuation of the business, the aim being to further practical optics, and not to make a large personal profit. New branches may be opened up elsewhere, but the main business must remain in Jena ; new enterprises may be embarked upon, but they must bear on the main business—the making of optical instruments. A committee of from two to four members manages the institution and its endowments, and one must be selected from the staff of the instrument-factory and another from the staff of the glass-works. The State is made responsible for seeing that the regulations are carried out. It is represented by a Government official paid by the institution, who may in no way interfere with the business, but must see that the original statutes are carried out.

It would be pleasant to tell of the walks on the hills around Jena, of the flowers that grow there, of the yellow cornfields reddened with poppies, of the wild clematis rioting with the stately purple monkshood, of the blue haze lying over the valley and the town, with the sun raining white rays upon it seen through a shimmer as elusive as the rainbow colours on a fly's wing, of the beech-leaves turning a tawny orange, and the maples shooting out red arms, of the deep peace in the pine-woods and the unexpected things one meets in one's rambles—a blue-garbed peasant-woman, for instance, with a deep basket on her back from which issued soft grunts and little complaining squeals. 'What have you in the basket?' you ask, and the woman smiles and says 'Schweinchen,' and shows you two trembling pink baby pigs. Or it may be, if the time is

in mid August, you may meet Orlando pinning verses on the trees, and reciting in laboured English, paying more attention to his pronunciation than his passion—

Carve on every tree,
Ze fair, ze chaste, ze unexpressive sho;

and while you marvel what it is all about, you come upon an open space in the pine-wood, pierced by shafts of sunlight, and there are the whole company pretending to 'live like the old Robin Hood of England, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.' There is a perfectly delightful Touchstone with a face like a benediction and a tawny red beard, a stolid German Audrey, and an English Rosalind, and every one of the company carries a cheap copy of 'As You Like It' and either reads or follows with patient precision. When the scene was read, with a setting that made up in appropriateness for what the reading lacked in intonation and accent, Rosalind told them the end of the story. 'In comedy,' she concluded, 'everybody marries happily and everybody repents.'

'Zat is perhaps ze reason of the title "As You Like It,"' remarked Touchstone approvingly, and in the discussion which followed on the locality of the Forest of Arden Rosalind shamelessly gave her opinion that it might have been in this very spot, for Shakespeare could not have found one more suitable in the wide world. If you care to inquire further, you will learn that the party belonged to the English class of the University Summer Extension Meeting, and they attended English lectures in the morning and roamed the hills and forests towards sunset with their teacher, reading their Shakespeare when they found their Forest of Arden.

CATHERINE I. DODD.

THE DRUM ECCLESIASTIC.

'Glory for all, and Heaven for those who bleed.'

'THREE ha'pence and tuppence, three ha'pence and tuppence,' hammered a horse's hoofs, faint, yet distinct and monotonous on the rough metalled road that wound down the Kundar Valley, in the frontier province of Yaghistan. An orderly cantering apace on a frontier road was no new thing, but there was a tired sound in the cadence that echoed harmony to the ideas floating unspoken in the minds of two British officers leaning over the rampart of the frontier post of Sinjabi.

It was late summer in '97, that fateful year in India when the fiery cross flew round the border, when the Amir of Kabul almost openly preached *Jihad*¹ and a Crescentade, and tribe after tribe, where least expected, rushed to arms and attacked the nearest British posts that fringed their frontier for close on a thousand miles.

To bang the drum ecclesiastic, even in Europe, is to raise such trouble that no man knows where it will end. In India, of all places, will the echo rise and fall—north, south, east, and west—and from the viceroy's palace to the law-courts, and from the regimental lines to the merchant's office, the heart of the Mussulman beats in response. The native assistant-commissioner or sessions judge, immersed in law and regulation and troubles of a county twice the size of Yorkshire, hears the drum roll, pauses amidst the pleader's wrangling, and dreams of the brave days of old, and how Mahmud of Ghuzni swept the land for the glory of God and His Prophet; of how fat Brahmins fell to the believer's sword or accepted the painful rite of conversion; how the faithful felled the idols and ruled the land to their great advantage, when Hindu pleaders who wasted a judge's time would have received short shrift from a sharp sword instead of wearing stand-up collars and spring-side shoes. And here the judge perhaps looked at his own English shoes, and the neat English notes he had made on the case before him, and awoke once more to the flowing periods

¹ A religious war.

of the 'barishtar-at-law,' thought of his salary, and decided to wait awhile. But the heart had beat in time to the tune, 'La Allah ha, illah Allah ho, o Muhammad rasul al Allah.'¹

In the merchant's office in Calcutta the doorkeeper also heard the drum, and remembered his Afghan forebears, and the old green sash packed away with the silver bangles beside the illuminated Quoran, and talked to the police sergeant of the hereditary officers of the Great Moghul, and whether the old families would ever come to their own, and the faithful rule the Hindu (and incidentally the British) as in the good days gone; while from the mosque rang out the cry of the muezzin, 'Prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep.'

In fanatical Patna the drum had beat to some purpose. A steady stream of rupees had set towards the church militant, and thin-lipped, high-browed men, with thin moustaches and ragged beards, slipped daily into the third-class carriages that rolled them to the Northern Provinces. In the Panjab unrest was even more manifest. Young men had disappeared from the peaceful Indus villages; open sedition was preached in the big towns. Had not the Turk, the army of the Khalif, actually beaten in war the Christian Greeks, in defiance of Christian Europe? Old officials spoke of the unrest that had stirred when the Maiwand defeat and the trouble at Sherpur had aroused echoes throughout Hindustan, and of the Mahdi's rise.

Every hill road poured a stream of tongas bringing officers back from leave in the Himalayas, hurrying to rejoin their regiments. Fortunately the fiery cross on the border and the roll of the priestly drum could not travel against the good electric telegraph. On the border the storm had burst in the centre, and again away in the north—everywhere where least expected.

In the native army war had a pleasant prospect: it meant amusement and excitement, honours and rewards, and the old fighting spirit to the fore again; but for the Muhammadan soldiery there was a skeleton at the feast. The rumour had spread that this war was no kicking against the pricks, no goading at the tax-master, but *Jihad*, a solemn religious war, conversion by the sword, the overthrow of the Cross and the triumph of the Crescent and the Prophet. Loyalty to their officers and to their oaths dragged one way, backed by the habit of discipline; their religion, in its re-echo to conquering tradition, the other. Sons of the

¹ 'There is but one God, and Muhammad is His Prophet.'

Crescent and yet ruled by the Cross—here was the disturbing thought. Wisdom said 'Tarry,' and the drum said 'Come.'

Away at the frontier post of Sinjabi, in the Kundar Valley, the effects of the drum had not been realised. The two British officers on the rampart knew that the tribes were flickering into rebellion all the border round, and that trouble might come their way too. That very day, while the relief of the Malakand was in progress, a telegram had reported an actual tribal inroad in the Peshawur Valley, and homesteads sacked and burnt; and at any moment the flame might burst out in the Kundar Valley. Up that very valley a small force of four hundred rifles and two guns was making a tour as escort to a political agent who controlled the tribes, and the lull in the Kundar seemed all the more suspicious in the light of the fire on the more northern border.

Down below the rampart, in the barracks in the horn-work, mighty influences were at work. Sinjabi was the headquarters of the Kundar militia, a purely Muhammadan corps largely enlisted from across the border—set a thief to catch a thief—like the old Black Watch on that other lawless Highland border a century and a half ago.

Three British officers kept twelve hundred wild men together in some imitation of the discipline of a regular corps. After the trio came their friend and zealous coadjutor Subahdar-major Allahdad Khan Tiwana, a native of the Panjab Salt Range, and senior native officer of the corps. He, having served through seven campaigns from trooper to rissaldar in Christie's Silladar Horse, had now come as senior native officer to the newly formed militia with the express purpose of training the mounted portion of that corps. In five years he had gained immense influence over the men of the corps. Afridis, Mahsuds, Turis, Khataks, and men of similar hard-bitten races all bowed to the influence of the strong and upright horse-soldier from the Salt Range. To his British officers he was a true comrade, on the terms of most affectionate equality, yet never forgot his position as subordinate to the least of the masters at whose hands influence and honour had come to him.

It was not altogether his prowess as a soldier or the prestige of his position that gave him his ascendancy, nor the two deep scars on his forehead that told of the rough-and-tumble charge into the Duranis in the Chardeh Valley, nor yet his skill with sword and rifle. Allahdad Khan was an upright man, who feared God and His Prophet, kept the law, and read the Quoran nightly,

expounding the same at times in his village mosque and in the musjid by the barrack gate. Therefore it was that all men looked up to him as a leader not only in his corps, but in every garrison and every village where he was known—and that meant three parts of the Panjab border.

Never before had Allahdad Khan heard the drum ecclesiastic beaten in *Jihad*; and now, for ten days past and more, letters had been pouring in to him from half the cantonments in Upper India and many a Salt Range village besides. And the question asked was this: 'Was this really a *Jihad*? Was it the Crescent against the Cross? Was it time for all Mussulman soldiery to desert the Sirkar they had served so long, and join in the wild rush for faith, and it might be loot, against the unbeliever? Could the good old times be returning?'

And Allahdad Khan was much perplexed, and a glance at his face will give the clue. Clear blue eyes, unfaded with age, looked from under a brow beetling with strength of character and straight purpose; but a long thin nose, a sparse grey moustache with the lower hairs shaved, and thin tight-closing lips denoted the religious fanatical spirit, at rest perhaps, but present. It was the face of the earnest, relentless Jesuit priest, even of the martyr at the stake. At the back of the man's every-day character, and from behind the blue eyes, shone out the religious fervour which at any time could swamp all other traits.

His father had ridden in the Derajat with Herbert Edwardes, and later to Delhi with Cureton's Horse. The army of Hindustan, Hindus and Mussulmans both, had risen against their masters, but there had been no recognised cry of *Jihad*, and the Mussulmans of the Panjab had helped the masters to recover their own. This was a different case. At his beck nine-tenths of the militia corps would join the enemy. There should be no actual mutiny; the men would melt away to join the rightful side. At his answering advice half the corps in Upper India would do the same, and many a village send its lads, ay, and its old men too, for the matter of that, to the holy war. But then, what about his sahibs, true soldier comrades to him? Ah, well, perhaps it would be enough if he went himself, and was killed for the sake of his faith. But then had not God given him influence to bring his co-religionists to the path of duty? But which duty? Was ever man so perplexed? Heaven and hell, love and duty, old association and the lust of power that haunts true men, all pulling in different directions

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and dulling the instinct of faith to 'the salt.' That very day a telegram from a Muhammadan centre had reached him, asking for early reply to their letter; and a well-known moulti had written much in the words of the Scripture, 'If the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall the salt be salted?' Ay, and yet the salt had not lost its savour. Had not he and the sahib upstairs ridden together in a 'Todtenritt' once already? Should he be untrue to his salt, he whom only last year the great war lord had shaken by the hand and called brother?

And so the Subahdar-major paced up and down the small verandah of his quarter, as many a man so placed has done before; and above, the two sahibs listened with apprehension to the rise and fall of the tired cadence on the metalled road, that now rose clearer across the ford—'Three ha'pence and tuppence, three ha'pence and tuppence.' Outside the fort gate the two pipers of the corps were playing the sun down behind the great snow-peak to the west, to an air learned from a Highland regiment at Peshawur. In the barracks the men were all wondering what Allahdad Khan thought of this disturbing cry of *Jihad*. With a last wild skirl the 'Barren Rocks' on the pipes gave way to the Afghan *dole* and *urnai* (drum and chaunter); and the march of the corps, the well-known lawless Kabul love-song of 'Zakhmi dil,'¹ lilted over the fort to the upper ramparts and the officers' quarters, and a weary horseman dropped from his horse at the gateway and demanded the sahib. Something had happened, that was evident to the men loitering in the square; but the newcomer was a Sikh, and therefore sworn enemy of all frontier Muhammadans, despite the bond of the British, and silently and stiffly followed the non-commissioned officer of the guard to the keep, handing a dragged note to Major Allard, who commanded. 'Sahib,' said he, stolid though weary, 'there has been a big fight, and many sahibs are killed.'

'Talk to him, Caunter, while I read,' said Allard to his companion. And the note read as follows:

DEAR ALLARD,—We were attacked while halted at midday to-day, at a Zilli Khel village, by several hundred tribesmen, after the political agent had held a *jirga*² of local chiefs. Bourne and Carstairs and Jones the doctor have been killed, and poor Ellis is wounded and left out. I am too badly hit to ride or walk. We have lost one gun, and fired away nearly all our ammunition. A lot of men have been killed. About half the party are here with me. We have got

¹ 'The Bleeding Heart.'

² Tribal assembly.

back about four miles, and are too done to go any further, and are entrenching this village. We can't get any further without help and ammunition. Subahdar Sher Singh commands, as I can't. The men are behaving splendidly.—Yours,

A. E. CAMPBELL.

Pai Khel village. 5 P.M.

'Read that,' said Allard to Caunter, turning to the Sikh. How far off is the sahib ?'

'Eleven miles,' said the man. 'At Pai Khel village they have water, but very little ammunition. I rode Campbell sahib's pony.'

Men who live on the border marches don't take long to make up their minds, and the north-west frontier of India is as good a school for the rough-and-tumble form of soldiering as is to be found in this empire of ours. Three minutes sufficed for Allard.

'Caunter, we must start at once. Your two guns will come, and as many men as I can get together. Subahdar-major,' shouted he to the yard below, 'come up here at once, please.' There was a rasp in his voice that brought that dreaming old soldier to his bearings at once.

'Sahib,' replied he ; and came up the steps two at a time.

'Allahdad Khan, there is trouble beyond Kundar. The Zilli Khel have "chappaoed"¹ Major Carstairs' force, and many have been killed. I shall start in two hours' time to bring in the remnant, who are with Campbell sahib at Pai Khel. How many men are now in the post ?'

'Five hundred and twenty, sahib, and fifty troopers.'

'Very well, I will take four hundred rifles and forty sabres. Subahdar Shera Khan will command the post in my absence. We take two days' rations, one hundred rounds a man, and twenty boxes of ammunition. The doctor babu must come with two panniers. Thirty-five troopers are to go off at once and occupy the Tang-darra Pass till we come up.' The old man repeated his orders, saluted, and swung down the steps, mullahs and *Jihads* safely stowed away at the back of his busy brain for the time being. 'Now, Caunter, come and get some grub.' And the two sat down to a meal that would be their last for many hours.

Allard was too old a soldier to get on the telegraph line till his nerves had settled, though there was an office in the room below him ; and the meal, and Caunter's version of the trouble

¹ Ambushed.

as obtained from the Sikh, gave him time to view matters in their proper proportion.

'Campbell seems all right till we get there,' said he. 'I won't push on to Pai Khel till daylight unless we hear firing. We can hang up at that open *kach* by Spinwam, two miles this side of it, and send a couple of Afridis to try and get through. Strikes me the whole of this flaming frontier is going pop. Allahdad Khan has been a bit queer for the last week, but the prospect of a row has brightened him up. We shall get to Spinwam by three or four o'clock with luck. These noblemen round here will hardly be up yet, and they know the brigade from Asni can be here in a couple of days. If there is a *Jihad* the fat will be in the fire; but it's all in the day's pay, Caunter, old bird.'

He did not add, what he knew full well, that if there was a *Jihad* half and more of his own men would desert; that also was included in the pay. Besides, who cares to speak of his lady's shame? And Allard held his corps in very high esteem, for all its faults.

Major James Allard, who had now commanded the Kunder militia for close on five years, was one of the very best type of officers that the old frontier force, that premier school of rough-and-ready soldiers, had turned out. Tall and spare, with close-cropped reddish hair and closely trimmed moustache, a grey eye and a weather-beaten face, he looked what he was, a straight-dealing, resourceful soldier, of perhaps thirty-five years of age. There are plenty such who serve in India from father to son, father to son, doing work that money cannot buy, and each generation poorer in their country's service than the one before; but they never fail in the hour of need.

'Caunter, old bird,' was a senior subaltern of Mountain Artillery, that branch of the Royal Regiment whose work begins where that of the Field Artillery ends, at the foot of jagged ridge and knife-edge spur. His chief characteristics were his love for his equipment and the selected mules that carried it, and his skill with a Castle Connell rod in any waters, and more especially those of the Kunder. The prospect of loosing off his pug pieces at the bad man pleased him exceedingly, and his keen face wore an expression of some content as, after a hurried meal, he went off to see that all was ready in his mud-floored gun-park.

Allard followed him to indite a telegram to the nearest military commander, the brigadier at Asni, six-and-thirty miles down the

Kundar, repeating it to the chief civil authority, under whom he, as a militiaman, actually was. It ran as follows :

Carstairs' escort with Ellis at Muhammad Kot, in Zilli Khel country, treacherously attacked at a *jirga* (stop). Most officers killed; Campbell with remnant have escaped to Pai Khel, eleven miles from here (stop). I am going out at once with forty sowars four hundred rifles and two guns (stop). Anticipate no difficulty in bringing them in (stop). The Ubar Khel round here seem quiet; suggest movable column coming here at once. Addressed G.O.C. Asni; repeated Commissioner.

'That will stir them up without starting a panic,' quoth he, and busied himself with getting out maps and preparing his personal equipment, finally going to the lines to see if all was in train to turn out.

The time he had allowed would barely suffice for preparation and the evening meal, and, as he knew, would leave little opportunity for discussing the news. Action of some kind was imperative, and the Afridi companies he had already discovered to be restless. Fortunately Allard was a shrewd observer, and a man of sympathy besides. The religious side of Allahdad Khan's character he had understood and appreciated, and had also realised that there must be some trouble in the old man's head. That was why he had decided to take him, rather than leave him in the important charge of the attenuated garrison of Sinjabi. As for Allahdad himself, the thin lips had relapsed from their grip; and now he was much concerned with issuing orders, so that the noise of the drum ecclesiastic was drowned for the time. Action is always a sound stimulant.

On the narrow parade ground at ten p.m. the militia companies were rapidly forming as Allard stepped out of the gate, while the regular artillery were filing out of the horn-work, in the light of the waning moon. In ten minutes' time Allahdad Khan reported all ready, and, in less than two hours from the arrival of the bad news, four hundred rifles and two mountain guns had responded to the demand for help, as the policeman answers to the whistle.

As he gave the order to march, a 'clear-the-line' telegram was put into his hand from the brigadier-general at Asni: 'Good luck; have full confidence in you; movable column will reach Sinjabi to-morrow night.' It is well to receive hearty support, and as Allard showed Caunter the message he said, 'Good old boy, General Brownlow; does not stick his toes in.'

Down from the post swung the party along the graded zigzag

to the river below, and the thin mist rising in the bright moonlight, silent but for the jink of the mountain gun mules, with rifle barrels glinting, to disappear in the dark shadow by the ford.

After crossing the ford the party settled down into a steady, silent tramp, no advanced guard, but a half company in single file, then a half company in file, and then the main body all in close touch, with no chance of losing connection, and no vulnerable head. Thirty troopers had slipped on ahead an hour earlier to hold a narrow gorge through which the column must pass, and so long as no bad news came from them there was not much to fear.

The little force tramped on steadily past ricefield and rocky stream bed and tribal tower, past the old Græco-Bactrian post and town that Basileus Menandros had failed to hold against just such tribes as the Zilli Khel of other days, with an unchanging thresh and swish. Allahdad Khan had dropped back half-way down the column, and, away from Allard's influence and whispered conversation, the echo of the drum had once more forced its way from the back to the front of his brain. As the troops had been turning out, and the news of the trouble had passed round, one man, a Eusufzai, had shouted 'Din! Din! Fatteh Muhammad!'¹ and had been seized by the throat by the Subahdar-major, and half throttled, half cuffed into silence. Whatever his own feelings might be, Allahdad Khan would allow no one to lead him—and he had not made up his mind. But the disciplined tramp of the men, Allard's quiet and confident air, the jink and stamp of the highly trained artillery had all appealed to the old soldier's instinct of discipline and memory of war. As he stepped out to the swing of his men and brooded, he made high resolve that his religious feelings should not bring the corps he had helped to shape so well to shame and disgrace in the eyes of the masters. He would slip away himself, and die a martyr's death for the faith if need be . . . and yet what better faith for a soldier than to follow blind the cause of a race that produced such men as Allard sahib, and Barton sahib, his old colonel in Christie's Horse; or Lurard sahib his adjutant, who had ridden beside him in the charge down the Chardeh Valley? And then the drum rolled again, and he thought of the moulvi's letter, 'If the salt has lost its savour,' and of all the true Moslims who had asked his advice. Should he lead the whole militia to glory and Paradise—'Glory for all, and Heaven for him who bleeds'—and advise all Mussulman soldiers to do the

¹ 'The true faith, and victory to Muhammad.'

same? 'There is no God but God, and Muhammad is His Prophet,' and a young sahib in a kilted regiment at Peshawur had called him a dog on the railway platform only the other day! Had the salt lost its savour?

'Subahdar-majorsahib! ohe Khan Jee! Major sahib ap ko bula te hain!'¹ came down the ranks. Allard had noticed that the old man had left him, and he particularly did not want him left alone. A man whose chief companions in life were a scatter-gun, a spaniel bitch, and a foul bubbly pipe, he had wandered much alone, while peering at mankind from under his deep-set eyebrows; and, as has been said, he had some shrewd inkling of what might be the trouble in his old comrade's head. So he had passed the word down the column for him; and the old man scrambled on his horse and jogged up to the front, to be engaged in constant talk that distracted his attention all night, carefully calculated to that end.

Six miles from Sinjabi they came to the *Gat* of Kairu, where two troopers sprang up from the silent shadow of overhanging rock to say that all was well and the defile secured, while three wayfarers had been stopped pending the *Huzur's* orders. Through the pass, the force halted, to close up and rest a moment.

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and the waning moon stood high overhead; yet in the clear crisp air the stars shone bright, and Antares flickered red in Scorpio in sympathy with the red scene of yesterday. Five miles to Spinwam still remained, and then a halt till dawn in that comparatively open space; for it is ill approaching a friendly force at night, especially when that force has had its nerves rudely shaken. It was close on four o'clock, and the false dawn faintly showing, when Allard finally brought his little force to a halt in the *kach* of Spinwam, after swiftly surrounding two tribal loopholed towers that guarded the standing corn. The towers once occupied, the inhabitants secured and picquets posted, the force lay down to doze, as best it could, all save Allard and the Subahdar-major, who paced up and down listening for any sound of firing. Rifle shots echo far in the small hours.

At the first fair glimmer of dawn Allard roused his men. Pai Khel was a mile and a half on, three-quarters through open fields, closing in to a gorge where the stream had cut a conglomerate range for a quarter of a mile, and again out into the open *kach* in which stood Pai Khel. The fanatic Ghazi likes to die, if

¹ 'The major is calling you.'

die he must, with the rising sun in his eyes, and an attack on the remnant in that village might take place at any moment. So the whole force advanced at a jog trot, and as they emerged from the gorge a shot rang out, followed by a ragged volley.

'Timed it nicely,' muttered Allard, as they instinctively came to a halt, while the village of Pai Khel could be clearly seen vomiting flashes from every corner, to answering flashes from the rock and scrub around. Suddenly from a hollow a couple of hundred yards off the village, a knot of some fifty swordsmen advanced on the village at a run. Not much time for thinking. 'Cut those Ghazis off with the cavalry, Allahdad; get to the right of them, while I clear the nullah bank!'

So intent were the tribesmen on mopping up the remnant that had escaped them yesterday that Allard's arrival had not been noticed. Allard himself, leading two companies at a double, had made for the left nullah bank and gained cover. Caunter, escorted by two companies, had got his guns on to a small kopje eight hundred yards from the village, and promptly dropped a couple of fleecy shrapnel among the Ghazis, who broke, to be chased by Allahdad Khan, in whom desire for action now beat fiercer than the drum of religion, his father's sword in his hand, and his men in open order at his heels.

As soon as Allard had seen the red flash of Caunter's guns he led his men from the cover he had taken, at a run, against the hostile riflemen lining the river bank opposite the village. As they topped the rise that hid them from view, he had shouted to his piper, 'Skirl, you devil, skirl like blazes!' and the pipes and *surnai* shrieked, and the drummer banged the drum military, and with yells of delight the militia advanced at the double against the enemy, who fled without waiting for impact. Broken at the surprise, many fell from the steady file firing that ensued, and as they made for the spurs of the adjacent hills Caunter's shrapnel spattered among them.

From Pai Khel across the river bed rose a feeble cheer, and as it came down on the wind the big snow peak of Ekbai caught glint of the rising sun in answer, and the dying Ghazi had his wish, his last moment spoilt, however, by the growing strength of the cheer. To change from the set teeth of the last ditch to the joy and shout of victory is a revulsion that few can experience, and to those that have there is no sensation left worth feeling. To the men of the relieving militia the satisfaction at being on the

winning side had stifled for the time the religious feeling, and relievers and relieved fraternised heartily.

It is ill catching tribesmen on the run in their own hills, and the remnant of Ghazis and the bulk of the riflemen had got beyond the reach of the sabre. So the militia amused themselves with fancy firing at the disappearing specks, and the piper strutted in front of the village blowing 'Hey, Johnnie Cope' for all he was worth, without a thought of the meaning, though he thoroughly understood the humour of the situation. And all the while from the kopje Caunter's shrapnel roared and hummed to the spurs and gullies up which the bad men tried to efface themselves. The effect may have been little, but it added tone to the victory, which had at present cost but seven men wounded, so vast is the difference between attacking and being attacked, especially east of Suez.

And now Allard found time to go to the village, to find poor Campbell in his dooly and see the remnant. And a sturdy remnant he found them too, despite their heavy losses, Sikh and Dogra and Afridi, all of the Third Panjab Infantry, and the one saved gun. The story was a pitiful tale of treachery and over-confidence, with some considerable want of proper precaution on the part of the officer in command, whose life had paid in part for his error. It is always pardonable to be defeated, but never to be surprised.

Three miles up the valley from Pai Khel it had happened, some eighteen hours before, and though several of the wounded had been brought in by the remnant, alas! some few must have remained out, and all the dead. The doctor had been the first killed; and poor Bourne, commanding the guns, had been twice hit, and his native farrier had held the ends of a severed artery while he fought his guns with case and inverted shrapnel, till the farrier too was badly hit, when Bourne, as loss of blood wore him out, ordered his guns back. . . . A fine tale, my masters, as many will remember. One gun had lain where its mule had fallen, but the wheels and carriage had been brought in. Then, after the first wild hurly-burly and the fall of most of the officers, the remnant had shaken themselves together under a Dogra Subahdar of the staunch old Third Panjab Infantry, and had suddenly fallen back, bearing with them Campbell badly wounded and poor Jones's body, for they had but two doolies. They had rallied, and fought from bluff to spur for over three miles, and then, weary but defiant, had pulled up in Pai Khel, the Alisherzai village, having been left alone the last half mile in. A fine tale again, as is still remembered in the

Kundar Valley, a tale of the English who live to make mistakes and die to retrieve, as they ever will, till they do it once too often, 'or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain.' But if it is a fine tale of the English, it is a finer one of those they had taught to follow them.

Allard's plan soon crystallised. He had won a victory, and the tribes were shaken for the nonce. Up that valley he would go, horse, foot, and artillery, and bury his dead, and bring in the English bodies and the missing pug of war that had been lost with its dead gun mule. Perhaps, too, some wounded straggler might be hiding, but there would be no wounded left lying in the open—the swordsmen would have made sure of that. The native hospital assistant had tied up Campbell's wounds, and he and the rest of the wounded would remain at Pai Khel with a company of militia till Allard returned. The rest of the remnant, who pined for vengeance, should come with him as they had petitioned, and off he would go at once now that his men were rested, before the tribal courage should creep back to the tribal finger-tips.

And here Allahdad Khan rode up swearing inordinately, a red sabre hanging from his wrist while he bandaged a cut in his right fore-arm. The fanatical expression left his face whenever he opened his lips, and now he was nothing more than a soldier flushed with victory, that wine of finest bouquet. Habit and discipline and tradition, camaraderie and the lust of red blood have often trampled on more insistent emotions than the still small voice.

Little time was he given for his vein to change, for it was 'Up the valley, Allahdad, with your horsemen; number one company advanced guard and picquets. You've done jolly well, old soldier; rattle 'em again.' And off rode the old man, and off swung the companies, up the heights the picquets, and over the flat the advanced guard points.

As Allahdad Khan rode over the flats he passed the corpse of one of the tribesmen, a Snider bullet through the back for his pains, and round his head was a green turban, the sign of those that die for the faith. 'Glory for all, and Heaven for those who bleed.' Then once again the daddy-mammy roll of that infernal drum came to his mind—'Heaven for those who bleed.' But only for a moment, as from somewhere on the heights a rifle bullet whistled shrill past his ear, 'All flesh is grass.' 'God smite your soul to the nethermost hell,' swore the affronted sirdar, and the drumming died away from his brain.

The mounted men pushed up the valley at a steady canter, followed by those on foot. A mile and a half on Allahdad passed the dead body of a Sikh gunner, a short sword in his hand, but stripped and lying on his back horribly mutilated. The sirdar bit his lip. But—a Sikh and an Afghan—— Well, well, war is war and race hatred knows no limits, and he rode on. Half a mile on, behind a rough stone wall by a field of buckwheat, three more corpses lay, the last of a fight for life; one Mussulman gunner and two Afridis of the Third Panjab Infantry, stripped too, by Allah, and—horror of horrors!—savagely mutilated as had been the Sikh. But what is sauce for a Sikh is *not* sauce for a Moslim. Moslim may fight with Moslim all the world over, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, as in the law of Moses; but for a true believer to *mutilate* the righteous dead! . . . And the scales fell away once and for all from the eyes of Allahdad Khan the Salt Ranger, and he knew that this war could be no *Jihad*. Men who could act as the Zilli Khel had acted could be but robbers and murderers turning against law and order; and he bitterly thought of the folly he had gone near to committing.

At this moment half a dozen of the enemy, who had been hunted by a flanking patrol from a lurking-place up on the hillside, and had fled down a spur to cross the valley, descended into the open, to which they stood committed, before they saw the Subahdar-major and his party. 'Talk about *Jihads*, eh,' muttered he, 'you misbegotten sons of burnt fathers'; and, forming line instinctively, the leading troop dashed at the confiding tribesmen. They too had seen the mutilated corpses, and all thought of religious war had left their minds. One old man of strong Jewish features and flowing beard threw away his long sharp knife and begged for quarter, but little he got. 'Fie, fie! Greybeards must die!' and die he did, as better men than he the noon previous. Up and down that open *kach* the remaining five Pathans were hunted, squealing before the sabre point—a tooth for a tooth again—and three fell to the wounded sword-arm of the Subahdar-major of militia, whilom rissaldar of Christie's Horse. . . . And thus was a hole kicked in the head of drum ecclesiastic.

Little remains to be told. Those six tribesmen were the last enemy that came within reach of avenging sword or rifle that day. The column soon reached the scene of the main conflict of yesterday.

If you had seen Dewetsdorp heights after the surrender, or the

mimosa slopes before Magersfontein kopjes, you would know what the ground looked like. If not, what good to describe it? But it may be remembered that troops were not allowed to see the veldt at Isandlana after that disaster, and the field was not tidied till many months later.

The poor hacked corpses were hastily buried, and the English *sahibs'* bodies brought home. The treacherous villages were left in flames; and it was seven that night and the dew falling before a weary but contented force returned to Pai Khel, bearing also the lost gun.

Allahdad Khan rode through at once to Sinjabi, with a telegram to the brigadier; and another message too flashed that night the length and breadth of the Panjab, to village and mullah and corps of the line, 'From Allahdad Khan, greeting. The *Jihad* is false.'

And thus was the war drum of Islam silenced for the time being; and yet it is to be doubted if to this day the British Government knows why the expected trouble fizzled out, or the effect on politics that resulted from the rough-hewing of the tribes on the corpses of their co-religionist. Allard alone had a shrewd idea, but, being a wise man, kept it to himself. Neither his nor his comrade's services were overlooked by Government.

G. F. MACMUNN.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

'FATHER AND SON.'

THAT very remarkable work 'Father and Son' has been presented to the world as 'a document, a record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return,' and further, as 'the diagnosis of a dying Puritanism.' We may also, if we are so inclined, read the work more simply as 'the record of a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and two epochs.' Wise readers will probably confine their attention to the latter aspect of the book, to the dramatic conflict between religious fanaticism and a temperament driven by equally imperative instincts to rule its tolerant course through life by 'aesthetic junctures.' No one who has read 'Father and Son' will need to be reminded of the exquisite touch with which the author has unfolded a story tragic in its essence, though humour predominates on the surface. The drama, to be candid, is more satisfying than the 'diagnosis,' which concerns itself chiefly with obvious symptoms rather than with any deep underlying cause. One can partly sympathise with this procedure, for the symptoms of the mental disease under consideration are undeniably picturesque, as indeed they have already been very generally recognised to be, in many fields of literature.

The author, in a few words of apology at the outset, guards himself against misunderstanding with regard to the element of humour contained in his presentment of a dying Puritanism. The precaution seems unnecessary. There must be few now who have not been taught to recognise absurdity in Puritanism, and perhaps to recognise in it little else. The Puritanism of early and mid Victorian days is as much out of fashion as the horsehair sofa against which this father and son of the early 'sixties knelt seeking enlightenment as to whether it was or was not the Lord's will that the younger petitioner should attend the Browns' party. Puritanism of this kind, and perhaps of all kinds, has long been in the trough of discredit; indeed, we are not yet wholly recovered

from some of the effects attending violent reaction, as more than one page of this book unconsciously testifies.

The faculty of private judgment seems to have been developed to an abnormal degree in both the author's parents. One by one every organised form of Protestant religion came under the ban of their disapproval, until at length they subsided into the little community of extreme Calvinists known to the world at large as the 'Plymouth Brethren.' By occupation and repute both belonged to the literary world, but were immeasurably removed from it in aims and ambitions and by the rigours of their creed. 'My parents,' says the author, 'lived in an intellectual cell bounded at its sides by the walls of their own house, but open above to the very heart of the uttermost heavens.' Such were the surroundings of the only child of the marriage, whose nature from the first prompted him to examine the rational walls of the intellectual cell rather than to explore the heart of the uttermost heavens. Very early we hear of searching questions on delicate points of theological doctrine. The five-year-old son of the house has been taught that we should pray for the things we need, and he will demand good reasons why he should not pray for a certain humming-top, since he is confident he needs the humming-top far more than the conversion of the heathen or the restitution of Jerusalem to the Jews. Or he will put to a practical test the 'jealousy' of his parents' God by the solemn invocation of an image of wood, composed of a chair hoisted on to one of the drawing-room tables. 'Oh, how I do hate that Law!' is the angry exclamation at a later date after reading in a certain chapter of Hebrews.

Obviously a child of this disposition will be far from comfortable under a 'dedication' sealing him from birth to the peculiar service of the Lord. That no open revolt took place until childhood had already passed, may, one supposes, be attributed on the one side to a genuine fatherly tenderness underlying the spiritual severities and apparent inhumanity of his home life, and, on the other, to a passion for imitation which succeeded the child's early instinctive revolt against the Law and the Prophets. At this point in the story, the author—in a passage which reminds one that spiritual tyrannies have given place to other arbitrary demands on youthful nature of which not the least oppressive is: 'Thou shalt be original'—pauses to explain that originality in early youth shows itself most clearly by close imitation of things said and done near at hand. This child at all events evinced his originality in an

orthodox manner by sedulous imitation not only of his father's scientific monographs and drawings, but of the sentiments and phraseology of the Saints, so that we find him in his eleventh year, with monitory vigour and effect, cross-examining his parent as to the religious standing of the lady who is coming to be his step-mother: 'Is she one of the Lord's children? Has she taken up her cross in baptism? Papa, don't tell me that she is a Pædobaptist!' It is hardly surprising that a little boy capable of discoursing in so edifying a manner should have already been made, as one by circumstances and nature peculiarly elect, an 'adult' member of the 'Brethren.' The public baptism which celebrated this event was the central point of the author's childhood. 'Everything since the earliest dawn of consciousness seemed to have been leading up to it. Everything afterwards seemed to be leading down and away from it.' The author's first experiences of fiction, of secular poetry, of the wonders of Greek art (the last occasion drawing from parental authority the ruthless dictum that there is 'nothing in the legends of these gods or rather devils that it is not better for a Christian not to know'), his first taste of liberty in the London world, these were the steps which led rapidly and inevitably to the final parting between two natures holding incompatible points of view.

One man derives his inspiration from supernatural sources alone, another is 'dependent upon the company of friends for the very pulse of moral life.' To one the Browns' party is the Browns' party and nothing more, to another it is a momentous occasion involving issues of spiritual life and death. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred sleep in confident expectation of awaking to a prosaic and familiar to-morrow; the hundredth, drunk with eternity, will bid his companion good-night, saying, 'with a sparkling rapture in his eyes, "Who knows? We may meet next in the air, with all the cohorts of God's saints!"' Between souls already worlds apart in thought it is sometimes well to put material space also, though there may be pain in the process. The pain in the instance recorded here is not likely to be overlooked, because of a certain grotesque comedy in the outward circumstances.

No one will grudge the author the plain-speaking in the end to which, he pleads, his long patience and forbearance entitle him. Whether the plain-speaking is precisely to the purpose is another matter. It would be difficult, one imagines, to support by historical proof the author's singular theory that the inclusion of philanthropic

activity in the category of saintliness is a comparatively late invention. Much also might be said on the characteristically modern assumption that philanthropy's concern is with the finite needs only of human nature; and on the doubtful justice of including that great motive force of philanthropic effort, Evangelicalism, in a sweeping condemnation of 'religion in a violent form,' which engages in the barren pursuit of 'vain chimerical ideals.' Plain-speaking, however, as an expression of personal opinion has always its value. 'It often amazed me, and I am still unable to account for the fact, that my father, through his long life, or till nearly the close of it, continued to take an eager pleasure in the text of the Bible,' writes the author in his epilogue, and the remark may be taken to sum up the limitations implied in the sub-title of the book.

Hardly less remarkable than the central figures in this drama of culture and fanaticism is the background against which they stand. That Puritanism has a fine flower as well as a bitter fruit is shown in the author's mother, who moves through the early chapters, a presence severe but lovely, Puritan in grain, of an inflexible, daring spirit, but gentle in speech and ways, sometimes even 'extremely gay, laughing with a soft merry sound.' Later, in the remote Devonshire village, we have an incongruous medley of human beings united by a common spiritual need. There is Mary Grace Burmington, the crippled spinster, who plays benevolence to the author's childhood, 'a very charming person.' There is James Sheridan Knowles, ex-comedian and poet, ending his days as a Baptist minister; there is Mrs. Jones, who sees Hell open beneath her feet at the wash-tub and the Devil holding out a long scroll inscribed with the record of her sins; there is a sprinkling of retired professional men, an Admiral even (what is the subtle connection between Puritanism and the sea?), and pious rustics, artisans, domestic servants, mostly in feeble health. Finally, at the very base of the little community of rigid sectarians, rests a tradition of certain storm-driven, soul-hungry Cornish fishermen, a romance of youth and beauty and religion, haunting the mind with its strange pathos like some old Irish saga.

All these things the author describes with inimitable skill and a quiet amused curiosity, such as might have been brought by an intelligent layman to a survey of the minute sea-creatures which in those days lined the tidal pools on the Devonshire coast, but have now long since vanished beneath the prying fingers of science and the conscientious collector. No less odd, no less insignificant,

and no less ephemeral are the fragments of humanity gathered together on an obscure spot inland. Strange, frail, and on the whole harmless manifestations of a vagary of the human mind, which, growing rank, swells sometimes into 'religion in a violent form,' a thing dreadfully disturbing to the domestic amenities and the comfort of small boys, dreadfully harassing to young men about to embark on the business of life. That is one way of looking at it. Or shall we see in these ignorant villagers, with their uncouth beliefs, a moral fervour, a strong sense of human obligation to the infinite and of the power of will over circumstance, which the world will not easily do without? By their 'oddities' these peasants have become significant, valuable, part of the main stream—linked also in a way, strangely enough, to the matters of that mythology which contains 'nothing that it is not better for a Christian not to know.' Puritanism is perhaps not altogether vanished like the rare sea anemones of the English sea-coast, or at least, unlike those relics of the past, may return in another shape. Perhaps also in the final estimate of nineteenth-century Puritanism something more will be found to say for it than that it exercised a destructive influence on the faith of a younger generation.

ELEANOR CECIL.

A STERNER FROISSART.

Here beneath resteth Sir George Chastellain of noble memory, who, after journeying in many lands and fighting in them all, came in the flower of his manhood into the service of the victorious Philip Duke of Burgundy, to be his pantler¹ and privy councillor, and thereafter chose, in the time of his age, the glorious task of commemorating the acts of this our late illustrious Sovereign, a task which he performed with such diligence and wisdom that every gallant gentleman who readeth his chronicles must keep in perpetual memory the deeds recorded therein. May his spirit live and reign in eternal felicity ! Having finished seventy years he left this world on the twentieth day of March one thousand four hundred and seventy four. Pray ye the Most High for his soul.

SUCH was the epitaph, or rather such is my rude translation of the epitaph, which was placed over the tomb of one whom his contemporaries, knowing nothing of Tacitus, were fond of comparing to Virgil. It was perhaps the composition of Chastellain's disciple and continuator, Molinet. It was placed on a pillar 'on the left side as you enter' the Church of Notre Dame de la Salle-Comte, in the old palace of the Counts of Hainault in the city of Valenciennes. It was not an inappropriate place for the grave of the great historian ; for Valenciennes had seen the birth of Froissart, and within the space of the lives of the two men was comprised all that was most worthy of commemoration in the story of the Low Countries. Church and palace alike disappeared (probably to make room for a new barrack) at the time of the Revolution, an event of which Sir George would have disapproved almost more than he disapproved of King Louis XI.

Chastellain was born at Alost in 1405, and was the offspring of two ancient but somewhat decayed families which had been famous in the time of the Crusades. He received an excellent education, and was still at the University of Louvain in his twenty-fifth year. From thence he set out on his travels, and his experiences gained him the surname of 'the Adventurous.' He certainly saw service in the Franco-English wars, and certainly in Italy ; probably also in the conflict between Czech and Teuton, known as the Hussite War. He spoke and wrote quite good Italian ; and, though Flamand was his native tongue, he wrote some of the most virile and

¹ *Panetier*, bread-bearer ; hence our 'pantry.'

picturesque French ever put on paper. He was a diligent student of such Latin classics as were available, but even to the lettered Court of Philip the Good Greek had not penetrated during his lifetime. We gather that his 'travels and fighting in many lands' had resulted in little more than profound disappointment and disgust with the ways of men, and especially with the want of faith and honour in princes. Probably his services had been as often diplomatic as military, for we constantly find him employed upon missions, both open and secret, even after he had settled down in the service of his own sovereign. Anyhow, he came back from abroad very much of a pessimist; when he finds a man of truth and loyalty, such as his friend Peter de Brézé, successively Seneschal of Poitou and Normandy for Charles VII. and Louis XI., and champion and protector of the unfortunate Queen Margaret of England, he spares no pains to paint his character in the brightest colours. But he found few such; it was a bad age of bad men, and Chastellain did not scruple to say so.

It was in 1446 that he finally quitted the profession of arms and received his office of 'pantler' at the Burgundian Court. I do not think he actually carried a bread-basket, though his wages were only seven sous a day. Oliver de la Marche, another famous chronicler of that Court, was also an 'escuyer panetier,' and his wages were even lower—three-halfpence a day. Both were, in fact, professional diplomatists, and the sous were only a retaining fee, supplemented by constant 'tips' of a much more substantial kind. In 1455 Chastellain received the office of Historiographer (Indiciaire), a lodging in the old palace of Valenciennes above mentioned, and a salary of six hundred and fifty-seven livres a year. The Court of Philip the Good was then at the height of its splendour; the cities of Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, and Artois at the height of their prosperity. The object of the Dukes of Burgundy, who by various titles had become masters of all this splendid inheritance, was practically to create a 'middle kingdom' between France and Germany, not unlike that which the wisdom of Pitt afterwards marked out in the last great treaty made before his death; a kingdom which was actually realised between 1815 and 1830, but overthrown in the latter year by a quite unnecessary revolution, and which may one day again come to be realised as the only possible solution of the state of tension between France and Germany.

In the fifteenth century it was too late or too early for such

a kingdom. The great and growing fact of the age was the French monarchy. Even in her deepest degradation, during the Hundred Years' War with England, France had bitten off and swallowed large pieces of what had once been territory of the Holy Roman Empire; and she would have bitten off much more had not one of her kings (John, of Poitiers fame) endowed one of his younger children with the appanage of the Duchy of Burgundy. Chastellain's Duke Philip was the grandson of this younger son of France. His father had been murdered by Charles VII., when the latter was Dauphin, and the murder had thrown Philip into the arms of the English, on whose side he fought against his French cousins till 1435. Hence came the unpopularity of the Burgundians among the French people. 'Ugh! You stink of herrings,' the Parisians would shout in the early days after the Peace of 1435, when they saw a Low Country man in the street. But Philip had always been uneasy about his English alliance, and Chastellain, who is so much of a Frenchman that England is always to him 'the enemy,' constantly protests that in his latter years his Duke desired nothing so much as to undo the mischief done in his youth, and to live as a dutiful French prince. Much as Chastellain admires the masculine virtues and sobriety of the victor of Agincourt, he sees, as Froissart never saw, the utter wickedness of the English attacks on France: 'Henry V. was either a tyrant, let loose on God's people, or a just claimant of his own title; I leave to God to decide which'; but it is not difficult to see what the writer's real opinion is. When he comes to tell the story of Henry's death, he brings up a 'holy hermit,' who had predicted that death to the King a year before, unless he would stop from his 'cruel treatment of this Christian people of France, whose cries under thy flail have gone up to God's throne.' But the King held the words of the hermit to be *mere gas* ('tint les paroles de l'hermite à gas'). The French kings, 'from their constant distrust,' thinks the chronicler (from their natural desire, as we now see, to repair the damage done by King John), made the loyalty of Duke Philip a very difficult thing, and that of Philip's son and successor, Duke Charles the Bold, almost an impossible thing.

Chastellain, then, as 'Historiographer-ducal,' set out to write

¹ This is, so far as I know, the earliest use of the word which in modern French has become 'gaz.' Both Dr. Murray and Littré say the word was invented by the seventeenth-century chemist Van Helmont, the former saying that it was modelled on 'chaos' and the latter on 'geist.' Lettenhove has a note on the word as it occurs in the above passage, in which he translates it by 'moquerie.'

the deeds of Duke Philip from the date of his accession on his father's murder (1419), and of Duke Charles after him; and there is every reason to suppose that the '*Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*,' as its final title must have been, ran continuously from that date to the chronicler's own death. He wrote a great many other things, both in prose and verse; but the '*Chronique*' is the only one that concerns us now.

He had no doubt been collecting materials for many years, and possibly some part of the work was composed before his official appointment. He knew everybody; from the King of France and the Queen of England down to the humblest diplomatic agent everyone supplied him with materials; and his work was eagerly read in manuscript by everyone as soon as the sheets appeared. In prose and in verse his contemporaries constantly describe him as a writer unparalleled since the great days of antiquity. Finally as a crown of his labours he was knighted in the last year of his life by Charles the Bold, at a Chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Yet the astonishing thing is that this chronicle was never printed, and that all trace of it was lost until the year 1825. And this is the more remarkable from the fact that the author had evidently heard of the art of printing; for in one passage he prophesies the rapid multiplication of books and his own immortality by that means.

What is the reason of this curious neglect? It seems to lie in the subsequent history of his country. Chastellain might write the most exquisite French, he might protest, as he constantly does, his love of France, he might live and die in the service of a prince of the French blood-royal; but at heart he remained a Fleming. There is a passage in which he contrasts with the tyranny of the French kings the excellent '*guaranteed*' government of the Low Countries; he speaks of the attachment of all classes there to their ancient charters, privileges, and institutions, and of the proud loyalty of the Flemish noblesse, '*la plus faible du monde*.' Readers of Goethe's splendid tragedy of '*Egmont*' will recall the fact that even a German, in an age when Germans despised patriotism as an '*heroic weakness*,'¹ could appreciate and record that loyalty as it existed as late as the third quarter of the sixteenth century. And, indeed, Chastellain might well be proud of the contrast he describes. In his early years the peace and prosperity of the Burgundian dominions, contrasted with the desolation and misery of France,

¹ '*Eine heroische Schwachheit, davon ich mich gern entbehre*' (Lessing).

ruined by the English wars, were in the same ratio as is the condition of modern England to that of modern Turkey. Yet Flemish patriotism was shortly to go to the wall. It died very hard indeed. Duke Charles's only daughter carried her inheritance, or at least so much of her inheritance as the French kings did not immediately grab, on her father's death, to an Austrian; and that Austrian's grandson, Charles V., carried it to the dead cold hand of Spain. The historian himself had foreseen something of danger; he tells Duke Charles, in a passage remarkable for its frankness, how artificial is the basis on which his dominion rests. 'You have,' he says, 'the burden of the honour of the world in your hands; you can make or unmake your own fortune. Take great care how you handle this ancient State, which your fathers founded. They believed they were building for eternity; pray God you do not frustrate their design for lack of understanding your position ("par petit y entendre").' There follows a noble exhortation to just and righteous government, and a perfect love-poem, though in prose, to the glories of the Flemish cities during the centuries that have gone by.

What did Austrians care about these glories? Nothing at all: they could squeeze money out of their provinces perhaps; but within half a century or so the new geographical discoveries had ruined their trade, and even money could no longer be squeezed out. What did Spaniards care? Even less; it was Charles V., Fleming born as he was, who began to stub up in blood and fire those noble old privileges and liberties of Flanders; a stubbing which was to lead to the foundation of the Dutch republic, and to cost the race of Charles so dear. Followed Philip II., with his Alva and his blood-baths; the story is too sad to continue. But did France care either? Alas, no. The task of French kings was to swallow, swallow, until they reached the limits of Old Gaul. But notice how things stood then. The Burgundian Court had produced another chronicler, whom it is perhaps little exaggeration to say 'everyone' reads. Sir Walter read him, and gave us as the result the immortal romance of *Quentin Durward* of *Glen Houlakin*. Had the manuscript of *Chastellain*, instead of the printed works of *Philip de Comines*, been in that 'ruined turret of the library of the Marquis de Hautlieu' I believe *Quentin* would have been even a finer fellow than he is. Now *Philip de Comines* had none of *Chastellain's* nobleness of soul, none of his patriotism. He saw how things were going, and, like a wise rat, he deserted the sinking ship of

Burgundy, and 'passed' into the service of King Louis of France. The world is the richer for Comines' treachery; for he and Louis were formed to understand each other. No doubt he helped the architect of a far nobler edifice than Flanders could ever have grown into; but the French monarchy was built with very questionable tools and materials. Chastellain would never have stooped to cheat and lie, even for the most patriotic of his native princes, as Comines stooped to do for his adopted sovereign.

Chastellain's name and book, then, died with his country. But in 1825, M. Buchon, editor of the first collected edition of old French Chronicles, was rummaging for fourteenth-century documents in that great Paris library which has been Imperial, Royal, and National by so many turns, and there he found, under a false title, the first fragment of the lost Chronicle. He describes, in his preface to it, with great humour and pathos, his emotions during the search. He bethought him of turning to the next manuscript on the shelf, and lo! it was a continuation of the first, with a table of contents of the whole Chronicle. These two manuscripts contained, with many lacunæ, the story of the years 1461-1470, and were called 'sixth and seventh books.' The table indicated the contents of the earlier books. Such as it was, M. Buchon in 1827 gave this fragment to the world, with the title of '*Chronique des derniers Ducs de Bourgogne.*' Three years later he ransacked the libraries of Picardy and Belgium in the search for more Chastellain; and in that of the old abbey of St. Vaast, in Arras, he met with the opening chapters of the Chronicle, containing the story of the years 1419-1422. Spurred by this find, the good man next ran against a volume with the title '*Histoire de France par G. Repreuve ou Le Preuve*': 'strange,' thought he, 'that he had never heard of a gentleman with such a weird name.' The catalogues of the Abbey library had been made by a Benedictine monk in the blighting days of Spanish misrule, when the Church had turned her back on the sun of the Renaissance. Buchon read on till he came to the heading of Chapter XXIX., which ran, '*Comment Georges¹ repreuve avoir fait l'introit de ce sixiesme volume.*' The wretched cataloguer had mistaken the verb for the author's name; to make it clearer, he had altered '*avoir*' into '*avoit*,' and had gone the length of underlining the word '*repreuve*' and adding in his own monkish scrawl '*le nom de l'auteur.*' It proved to be another most valuable fragment of Chastellain's sixth book. A story like this opens a

¹ Chastellain always speaks of himself as '*Georges.*'

wider field for speculation as to the fate of our materials for history. Having ransacked Arras, our indefatigable friend went on to draw a fresh covert at Brussels. 'Bring me,' said he, 'all your fifteenth-century MSS.—nothing but fifteenth-century MSS.' Among these he found a volume, magnificently bound for the Imperial Library at Paris, probably plundered from Brussels by some *sansculotte* in Danton's train, and sent back to its owners after the Peace of 1815. It was called 'Roman moral et allégorique': it proved to be, not, indeed, a portion of the Chronicle, but a *Mémoire* addressed by Chastellain to King Charles VII. in defence of some conduct of his which had offended that monarch; and it contained as well a complete list of Chastellain's works.

Since M. Buchon's death several other fragments of the Chronicle have been discovered; and all that exists has been carefully edited by M. le Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove. Two manuscripts were found at Florence, and the Baron sagaciously guesses that they may have gone thither with Duke Francis Stephen of Lorraine, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany and Emperor, husband of Maria Theresa. If so, they were probably taken from Vienna; and it is in Vienna or in Madrid (for the Hapsburg cousins, who ruled Spain and Austria, frequently interchanged books) that scholars are most likely to come upon traces of the remainder. This is confirmed by the known fact that in 1524 Chastellain's only son sold for 120 livres a complete copy of the book to Charles V.'s sister, once Regent in the Netherlands. She probably carried it with her to Spain, where she died. One of the Florentine manuscripts is of surpassing interest, for it contains the years 1429-31, and describes the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece by Duke Philip, and the capture and trial of Joan of Arc. A fragment of Book III. (1451-2), and the whole of Book IV. (1454-8) have been also unearthed. Book V. is wholly lost, and Books VI. and VII. are still very fragmentary. There is, therefore, a pleasing task and an incentive to all persons who can read French and who have access to old manuscripts; for, although Madrid is perhaps a more likely hunting-ground than any other, such things may be found almost anywhere; the romances of the finding of the Thurloe Papers and of the Verney Papers are well known.

In recounting the fortunes of the manuscript, I have left myself little space for the more pleasing task of giving some illustrations from the Chronicle itself, but I now add a few.

Chastellain's hatred of heresy was only equalled by his contempt

for 'ecclesiastical statesmen.' When the Bishop of Tournay wanted to persuade Philip to fulfil his promise to go on a crusade (after the death of Pius II., the last Pope who tried to stir up European princes for that purpose), the chronicler sees clearly that the whole thing was moonshine, and that the Duke's business was to stay at home and look after his own people. 'These great theologians and devout men know nothing of the affairs of the world, they are perfectly useless in the councils of princes—their judgment is all in the air, and of the earth they have no foothold.' But heresy is 'infernal poison,' and it is interesting to see the snares which the devil is able to lay. Apparently in order to produce the Bohemian heresy of John Huss and others, his Satanic Majesty began by prompting the ladies of Prague to cut off their hair: 'for in that rich and beautiful city there was a famous abbey of monks, the most pious and devout you could think of; and all the townspeople of both sexes reposed the fullest confidence in them: so much that the ladies used to go at all hours of the night to service at their church'; and afterwards to pass an hour or two (in devout conversation, *bien entendu*) 'chascune avec son chascun.' And lest the abbot, who went his rounds pretty regularly and looked in on the cells, should discover that anything was wrong, these ladies shaved their heads to the monkish tonsure and dressed in monks' dress. So when the abbot saw two shaven heads in each cell, in close proximity to each other, and said, 'Whom have you got there?' the monk was able to reply, 'Such and such a novice, so please your grace.' 'And this went on a long time, and each of the good monks taught "his each" to sing versicles at matins and tierce and nones, and sometimes at other canonical hours according to the state of the calendar and the demands of the saints' days,' until the thing became a scandal. No doubt, thinks the chronicler, the wicked seized hold of this and other stories against holy Church, and hence men began to question dogma.

Almost the only case of partiality which one can allege against Chastellain is his treatment of Joan of Arc's case. Here, curiously enough, his French patriotism utterly failed him, and his Burgundian patriotism led him astray. He attributes to the Maid, 'of whom the French made an idol,' the death of Captain Franquet of Arras, who had been taken captive, whereas it is known that she pleaded hard for the life of this man. At her trial she is merely a 'pestilent and obstinate heretic' directly influenced by the devil; and this is the more remarkable because our author tells us that Duke

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Philip was uneasy about her ; that he had visited her several times at Beaurevoir after her capture and held private talk with her, 'the substance of which, try as I would, I have never been able to discover.' If Philip had not been disquieted in his conscience, he would certainly in later years have told Chastellain his opinion of the Maid. Moreover, we learn from a sixteenth-century quotation from one of the lost passages of the Chronicle that 'Georges bears witness that he several times saw the Maid himself.' Two such bright spirits were well formed to understand each other, had not the evil word 'heresy' stood in Chastellain's way.

The origin of 'stories' in English history is always a delightful thing to hunt up. By 'stories' I mean illustrations of those touches of human nature which even kings and queens are liable to display when they are excited. Many of these stories unfortunately turn out to be fictions of later date. I was grieved to discover the other day that Elizabeth never did write to a bishop the famous letter : 'Proud Prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are : if you do not instantly comply with my command, by God, I will unfrock you.' But I am sure that William Rufus did say to his chaplain 'Bring me some expensive boots' ; that Edward I. (not otherwise a jocular sovereign) did present his day-old baby to the Welshmen as their 'prince who could speak no English.' And happily in Chastellain we have the undoubted origin of one of the best of all stories, that of 'Queen Margaret and the Robber.' He had this tale from the Duchess of Bourbon a few days after Margaret, in her flight (when the last desperate effort of the Lancastrians in the North had failed), had landed at Sluys, and had met the Duchess at Saint-Pol. How, then, my reader will ask, if Chastellain was unknown till 1827, is this story in every child's history of England ? Answer : it does not occur in contemporary English history, such as William of Worcester, or Gregory of London, nor even in Holinshed or Hall. All these know of Queen Margaret being robbed of her baggage, and Gregory adds that the robber 'put her in doubt of her life and of her son's life also' ; but none tell how, with the true instinct of a Queen, she turned to the robber and said 'Save the son of your King.' That first appears (in an English book) in the ponderous 1747 folio of Thomas Carte, who was the first real 'researcher-historian' ; and Carte gives as his authority Monstrelet. Monstrelet, however, died in 1453, and the real authority is Monstrelet's continuator, John du Clerc, Lord of Beauvoir-en-Ternois, who lived at Arras as a subject of Duke

Philip, and who doubtless got the story directly from Chastellain, to whom all his contemporaries went as the fountain-head of information. The story is well told by Miss Strickland in her 'Lives of the Queens of England'; but the cocked hat she puts on its head and the stick she puts in its hand are nothing like so picturesque as the details given by Chastellain. Margaret, in fact, we learn from him, gave the robber a long lecture on the wickedness of his profession, and pointed out what a splendid chance of redeeming his evil deeds was here afforded him. The same authority (which is, in fact, Margaret herself speaking, red-hot with passion from her terrible adventures) tells us how for five days she and King Henry VI. and their boy had lived on one herring; and how, finding herself at Mass one day, 'without a single black penny to offer' (non ayant ung noir denier pour offrir), she had to beg a Scottish Archer to lend her one, and how he pulled out of his purse a 'Scots groat' and gave it her.

Perhaps the finest description ever written of a popular tumult is Chastellain's of the riot in Ghent, when Duke Charles made his 'Joyeuse Entrée' to that city on his accession (1467). I have only space to recall the principal touches. The Duke 'entered' on the vigil of the patron saint of the Gantois, Saint Liévin, whose body was carried about in procession all day. All went well at first, though the Gantois were known to have their grievances against the Government, and in particular against the collectors of a tax called the *Cueillotte*, who had enriched themselves, and, as Chastellain sorrowfully confesses, bribed the Court to be allowed to do so. The trade guilds of the city were all drawn up in their ranks along the streets as Charles rode in :

rough young fellows and mutinous hearts among them, one may well believe, and they showed it the next day as you shall hear. However, the Duke's heart was full of goodwill towards his people, who had served and loved him at his need;¹ and they paid him such reverence as one would hardly make to God. And at the hour of tierce he went to breakfast.

The chronicler does not tell us what Charles did after breakfast, nor where or how he dined; but

as the day wore on to evening, the crowd in the streets grew greater, and every tavern and cabaret was full; till in the night the hooligans (*garchonaille*), who had been dancing round the holy body (of St. Liévin) all day, when they saw

¹ That is during a quarrel with his father, when he had taken refuge in Ghent. Comines says 'the Gantois love the heir of their prince always, their prince himself never.'

that they had the keys of the field and no one to correct them, began to break out in evil speech (eating and drinking the while), and into hissings, and swearing inhuman oaths of the marvels they would do, and how they would make men talk of them, and how every valley should be exalted and every mountain and hill made low. Yes, in a little while they would brew such a broth that he who sniffed it would have a good pain in his nose. Then these fellows fell to plundering shops; and, whether by accident or design, they got hold of a lot of toy armour such as one gives to children, and dressed themselves in it and went about vowing that these toys should soon become real steel. Then, in their bestial and rabid fury, they pulled down the toll-house where the *cueillotte* was collected, and rushed all over the town hunting for the collectors, crying out, 'Where are these robbers of God and the world? Slay! slay!'

Charles, who apparently had really meant to abolish this odious tax, was horrified when he heard of the riot. All night he and his few personal friends stood to their arms in the palace; and in the morning he sent one of his nobles (a great friend of Chastelain's called Gruthuse) to see what it was all about. The rioters do not seem to have gone to bed at all; and all the next morning the danger increased. Gruthuse did his best to calm the mob; but he knew his men, he knew Charles's hot temper, and he feared the worst. He saw the only thing to be done was to get Charles to come in person to the Market Square and promise redress. Charles came most unwillingly, and on his way he unfortunately used his stick to force his path through the mob, to which he also used rough words:

He hit one fellow with his stick, who immediately swore blood and wounds, and ran at the Duke with a pike, and spoke fell-ly and fiercely without reverence. Gruthuse, with great adroitness, rebuked his sovereign sharply: 'Do you want us all to be killed because you can't keep your temper? Where do you think you are? Don't you see that your life and ours hangs by a silk thread? 'Sdeath, Sir, if you want to die, I don't; but die we shall, unless you can use gentle words to these poor sheep of yours. Come; up with you to the balcony of the town hall, and show yourself a man of sense, and all may be well yet.'

Then the men of three of the better trade-guilds shouldered their way through the mob—to wit, the pilots and butchers and fishmongers—and made a human wall to protect the Duke's life; and so he got up to the window of the town hall; and the better classes cried, 'Hée! Wille-comme! Wille-comme! bienviengnez, bienviengnez, bienviengnez, monseigneur!' Charles, however, could not bring his pride into subjection sufficiently to speak softly to them; and Gruthuse had to do it for him: whereon there was loud cheering, and the mob might have dispersed. The best was yet to come:

Suddenly a rude outrageous villain began to swarm up towards the window perhaps by a lamp iron], and, when he reached it, knocked on it with a steel gauntlet; and then cried with a loud voice to his friends below, 'Don't you want to have the traitors who have robbed us punished?' 'Yea, yea,' cried all below. 'And the *cueillotte* abolished?' 'Yea, yea.' 'And your other old privileges restored to you?' 'Yea, yea.' And then the villain turned to the Duke and said, 'My Lord, that is in brief the reason why these people are assembled there below; and they are here in order to *see that you do it*. And I, in the name of them all, declare that you have been told their needs.' 'Oh, glorious Majesty of God!' (says the chronicler) 'here was an outrageous and intolerable villainy for such a vile wretch to come and almost touch the flanks of his prince.'

Yet Charles was in such danger that he had to put up with it.

Gruthuse had the right word. 'Friend,' said he to the fellow, 'there was no need for you to climb up here, which is the place of your prince and his nobles; down there is your place. My Lord could have answered you just as well if you had been below; and, without having you for an advocate, he will do what his people wishes. You're a humorous fellow, but you had better climb down and disperse your friends.'

Charles had to abolish the tax to save his life. Chastellain concludes the story by pointing out that there were many excuses for the rioters, for the tax was a most iniquitous one.

He is never weary of pointing out the faults of princes, even of his favourite Duke Philip, though he reserves his most scathing criticism for the cruelties and treacheries of Louis XI. While he applauds that King's devotion to business and his determination to see and know every place and event in his kingdom, the truth is, 'hard as it is for me to write it, that he simply lived by stirring up quarrels between his relatives and neighbours': 'his poor subjects, who, when he came to the throne, thought they had got God by the feet, and would be relieved of the cruel taxes and impositions his father had laid on them,' were taxed till they 'could hardly live': his Court was a 'Court of dogs not of men'; while as for treachery, 'princes, in order to reach their ends, welcome all treasons, though, because the name is a hateful one, they hate the traitors who perform them.'

There are in the Chronicle long passages on this subject, which for majesty of diction, for fearlessness of sentiment, and for utter conviction of the truth of the writer's warnings, can only be compared to the writings of the most philosophical historian of the Roman Empire.

I have been able only to give a specimen here and there of this wonderful book; but many other scenes might be profitably transcribed, notably a famous one which describes how Duke

Charles 'tint sa Toyson' (held his first Chapter of the Golden Fleece) at Bruges; portions of this read as if they were as accurate as a modern minute-book, and yet are illumined with all the splendours of diction of the dying Middle Age. It was a solemn chapter, for the old herald Jean de Saint-Rémy (himself a chronicler), who had held the office of herald to the Order from its foundation, was obliged to resign through old age. The Duke knighted him as some recompense for his long service, as at a subsequent Chapter he knighted Chastellain himself.

The last existing fragment of the Chronicle closes with the author straining his eyes across the Channel, where the indomitable Margaret, one of his own favourite heroines, is once more setting 'Henry the Simple' (as the dear founder of Eton is always called in its pages) upon his throne, with the aid of the turncoat Warwick; and all the world at London is 'taking the Ragged Staff.'¹

C. R. L. FLETCHER.

¹ Putting on the cognisance of the Earls of Warwick.

THE BROOKSIDE.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
 Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place
 Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
 With eager bite of perch or bleak or dace.

As soon as any really hot summer weather begins to make itself felt in London, when the grass in the parks is beginning to turn the colour of half-made hay, and specks of rust are visible here and there in the trees overhead, then it is that the born and bred countryman, condemned for his sins to pass his life in London, becomes the victim of a calenture. As he walks from Charing Cross to the Bank, from London Bridge to the Law Courts, cabs and omnibuses turn into harvest waggons, the dirty pavement into cool green pastures, and the stench of the motors is forgotten for the moment in the fragrance of the meadow-sweet and honeysuckle. Such is usually my own experience on the approach of the dog days. I find myself in imagination back in the old meadows clothed with the rich green of the aftermath, separated from each other by tall whitethorn hedges, on which the pink wild rose still lingers, and sheds its perfume on the angler as he rests on an adjacent haycock or courts the shade of the stately elms, which are the glory of the midland counties. In the olden days to which I am thus carried back, no doubt the principal attraction which drew me to the meadows was the brook which ran through them, fairly full of coarse fish—perch, roach, and chub—which sometimes reached a good weight. Now, however, I confess, as I recall these favourite haunts, it is rather their natural charms than their piscatorial temptations on which my imagination dwells, though I can still act over again to myself many an hour's good sport either with the perch or with the big chub which lay under the bushes, and which it was very difficult to reach.

I may as well say at the outset that I belong to the crooked-pin school, and that I can promise my readers no dissertations on any more elaborate tackle for bottom fishing than a single hook attached to a foot of gut at the end of a silk line, and a cheap

rod with a reel, and sometimes without. 'Of wiles more inexpert I boast not.' I knew nothing in those days of double hooks, ledgers, or paternosters, which down till a comparatively recent period I believed to be only one form of Romish devotion. Washington Irving in his delightful 'Sketch Book' describes a fishing party, of which he formed one, sallying forth after reading Isaac Walton equipped with all the newest contrivances which the fishing-tackle maker had to show, and after working all day, with very little success, had the mortification of seeing 'a lubberly country urchin come down from the hills with a rod made from the branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as Heaven shall help me, a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earthworm, and in half an hour catch more fish than we had had nibbles throughout the day.' The reader will understand, then, that 'crooked pin' is only used metaphorically to denote the simplicity of my own equipment, with which, however, I managed to catch fish enough to silence home criticism, always rather disposed to be severe on unsuccessful sportsmen.

The brook which was the chief scene of my angling operations is dignified on old maps with the name of a river. It rises near a famous fox cover in the midland counties, and, running in a south-westerly direction, after a course of some five-and-twenty miles joins a tributary of the Trent. At the distance of about six or seven miles from its source it becomes a considerable stream, and, flowing through a gentleman's estate on which trespassers were looked after, held at that time plenty of fish, with some deep holes for them to lie in. It was good to be there between haytime and harvest, on the banks of the winding rivulet, now trickling over pebbly bottoms scarce an inch deep, now widening into quiet pools half-covered with water-lilies, now lost among the tall flags, or fringed with the grey-green willows, whose branches meeting overhead half conceal the fretting water underneath. The ground rising on either side of the large cool meadow is a mass of dark green foliage, through which you catch glimpses of cornfields, red with ripe wheat or yellow with oats and barley. Passing village churches just peeping through their ancient elms, and thick plantations from which towards evening you will see the hares and rabbits stealing out to feed, the brook at length emerges into a flatter and less ornate country, and finally loses itself in the great midland river on the confines of Leicestershire and Derbyshire.

I used often to spend a whole day on its banks, starting

from home after breakfast, with a book in my pocket, and beginning to fish about three miles further up the stream, and then fishing my way downwards till I reached home again.

At the point where I often began the brook makes a sudden turn to the right round the corner of a plantation which dips its boughs into the water. The bank being hollowed out on that side made room for a small hole of from two to three feet deep, overhung by thorns and straggling branches, a favourite haunt of chub. How to get at them without being seen, or how to land one if you did succeed in hooking him, was the difficulty. I often had to give it up as a bad job; but sometimes I had better luck. By getting over the brook and behind the bushes aforesaid I could push my rod over them so as to drop the bait in the water just outside, leaving it to swim if it could right under them, and almost in to the bank, where these retiring fish could not fail to see it. It was ticklish work, for I could only see the float by peering through the tangled boughs and briars which dipped into the water, and if I did see a bite in time and hooked a fish there was the difficulty of getting him out. I had, of course, to get back to the other side before I could do it, and then, if he did not get away in the meantime, it was easy enough to draw him into shallow water, or, if only a small one, to pull him right out. At another time I would pitch my line as high up the stream as I could, and, lying down at full length, let it float back towards me with the current. In this position I could see what the float was about much better; but then the bait would not go so far under the bushes, which was the great thing to aim at. However, I got a few fish at different times out of this little corner. The biggest, I think, was a pound, and a pound chub could give you some trouble under these peculiar circumstances. My bait for chub was invariably the bright yellow caddis worm, to be found sticking at the bottom of bricks or stones which have fallen into the water, generally near a bridge.

The perch did not care so much for these, and a clean little red worm or brandling was what they loved best. Sometimes I tried a minnow, but the perch did not, as a rule, run large enough for that. A little lower down than the hole just mentioned is a larger one, with a willow-tree just bending conveniently over it, behind which you were invisible to the fish. Here one had to exercise some patience, for the hole was a large one, about four feet deep in the middle, and the fish might not see the bait all at once. But

when a good perch did see it, and made up his mind to take it, that was a blissful moment for the bottom fisher. The hole at that time was nearly half-covered with the broad green leaves of the water-lily, of which the stalks are just visible under the water, the roots, of course, being buried in the clay bottom. Now the perch were very fond of lying just under this green canopy, or else close by the edge of it, and I always tried to drop my bait as near to it and as noiselessly as possible; then, as soon as the float sat upright, came the moment of suspense—and sometimes hope deferred—for I knew that perch were there. At length, however, patience is rewarded. The float stirs uneasily, and wobbles about for just a few seconds, and then down, down it goes more than a foot deep, slowly, but quite straight—no zigzagging to the right or left, no bobbing up and down—and you know at once that you have a perch to deal with, for hardly any other fish bites in the same manner. I used always to strike pretty soon, in spite of Walton's advice, lest he should gorge the bait, which entails disagreeable consequences. Ah, what a weight he feels, and how he pulls! We must be careful, and humour him a little. The perch is a game fish, and fights for his life. But a few struggles bring him to the surface, and a few more exhaust him sufficiently to allow of his being drawn gradually to one end of the hole, where a bed of sand over which the water only just trickles is ready to receive him. We must jump down and lift him out, being especially careful that he does not flop back again into the deep water. There, there he lies upon the grass, more gorgeous in his green, scarlet, and gold than Solomon in all his glory, a good three-quarters of a pound at least! and we are glad at heart.

Where there is one perch there are more, and on favourable days I have sometimes got four or five out of this hole in the course of an hour. But to-day I only get two more, about half a pound, and, as the sun is getting very hot, I resolve to rest on the grass for a bit and contemplate Nature. If the time is early in August you will see what I have already described—the various hues of the cornfields, the elm-trees, and the newly mown meadows, forming the prettiest possible contrasts. If it is a little later you will see the loaded waggons as they cross the bridge lower down on their way to the stackyard, and all the jocund sounds of harvest will reach you from the uplands. If you lie close to the water you will probably see the kingfisher come darting by, with his short sharp cry, or the waterhen calling to her young brood among

the rushes, with that pretty 'Chuck, chuck,' which brings to her side a number of little fuzzy black things more like balls of worsted than anything else.

Nec gemere acria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

The wood-pigeon will repeat his sweet soft note for your entertainment; and with these various sights and sounds you are so well pleased that you forget the book in your pocket, which is now, however, drawn forth, and another half-hour is given up to a certain Greek author which, in those days when I was at home for the Long Vacation, I often made my companion, simply because it was one of the books I was taking in for my examination. It was useful to have it at hand when I was out for a ramble, that I might utilise any spare moments by studying it without the help of a lexicon—one of the best ways of impressing a passage on one's memory. Words which you don't know you can look out when you get home, and the brook and the perch and the cool grass and the goodly elm trees will act as a kind of *memoria technica* when you are far away in your college garret.

I scrambled through a chorus in the 'Septem,' and then exchanged Aeschylus for a sandwich and a flask, after which refreshment I proceeded on my way down the brook. Presently I came to another good pool, much deeper than the former one, and not generally good for perch. I put on a yellow caddis, and hoped for roach or chub. I dropped my line about the middle, and soon got a bite. This time my float was pulled down under water, perhaps with the top of it still sticking out, and carried in a slanting direction across the hole. I know my friend; it is a chub, of course, who generally acts in that manner if you catch him in at all deep water. He is soon secured, for he is a churl of a fish, with no fight in him; but, with this exception, the big pool is drawn blank, though I believe it harbours pike, with which I hope to make acquaintance in the winter. Pursuing my way down stream, I soon come to a hole which I have reason to believe is frequented by the roach tribe. I think a roach is the most exasperating fish that swims. What Walton says about fishing for roach with paste is true of any other bait you may use for them. 'You must,' he says, 'have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost and the fish too.' I never, with all my practice, could acquire the knack of striking a roach at the proper moment, though I have caught plenty when they had hooked themselves or had swallowed the bait. The roach will play

round your bait, apparently dally with it, causing your float to wriggle about in the most irritating manner without ever going under; and this perhaps will go on for five or ten minutes, and at last, when you fancy you see your chance, and give him a jerk, up comes your hook by itself, stripped of paste, caddis, or grub, or whatever else you had put on it. It was very much a matter of chance with me whether I hooked a roach or not. I was always pleased when I did, for they are handsome fish, and in this brook they grew to a good size; that is to say, I have taken a few which weighed a pound, and a good many that weighed more than half. I used the same bait for roach as for chub, and know of none better. On the present occasion it seduced an inexperienced fish to take it into its mouth too hastily, with the result that he hooked himself, and made him give a sudden rush, unlike his species in general, so that I didn't know whether I had a roach or a chub till I saw him. He turned out to be a nice fish of about a quarter of a pound, in good condition. I stayed at this hole for some time, but I could not catch another, though I had several nibbles.

From the latter end of August to the middle of September the afternoons from four to six I always think especially delightful. I was now on my way home; there was a freshness in the air most welcome after the sultry day, the grass sparkled with early dew-drops, the blue sky wore that calm and settled look which is characteristic of September, the sun was still hot, and the midges played about in it, and trees and hedges had not as yet turned a leaf. I knew I should pass another good hole or two before I got home; though after leaving the meadows where I had been fishing the brook ran in only a very shallow stream, with the willows arching over it for more than a mile, growing deeper again as it approached our own village; and I resolved to finish at a favourite hole in a meadow lying just below it. I have observed that a hole which forms a corner is always a favourite one for perch, because the current necessarily hollows out one side of it, and under the projecting bank the fish love to lie. The brook here forms an elbow, and the bank on my side hangs over it so far that I can come very close to the brink without being seen by any fish that lies close in. This pool, too, is covered with water-lilies, and I drop my bait in just at the edge and within sight of any fish that lies under the bank. I have not long to wait. Again I see 'my cork or quill down sink with eager bite' of what I know at once to be a perch, especially as I have pulled many a good one out of that same pool. I guide him safely to the sand among

the rushes, and soon have him in the basket. He is about half a pound. Another rather smaller one shares the same fate. And now I turn away from the brook and make my way to the house, eager for dinner. Two brace and a half of perch, two chub, and a roach, with about thirty lines of Aeschylus are the day's result, with which I am well satisfied. I seldom went much further down the brook than this point, for lower down, though it gradually grew wider and deeper, there were, strange to say, very few fish, and the adjoining scenery no longer possessed any attractions. There was a water-mill and a mill-dam further on, but I never heard of any fish except eels being taken there. I am, however, quite of the opinion of Mr. Francis—that the angler who does not combine with his sport some appreciation of the beauties of Nature and of the picturesque scenery through which it frequently conducts him only tastes one-half of the pleasure which his favourite pursuit is capable of affording. Of course, the country described in this article will not bear comparison with his description of a Highland burn and the romantic nature of the scenes through which he follows it, finding in the contemplation of its beauties more than an equivalent for the heavier basket and the bigger trout which he might have secured elsewhere. But still, with the hot weather, such as we had all through last September, the comparatively tamer scenery of a Warwickshire or Leicestershire valley has a charm of its own rather to be felt than described. Its verdure, its clusters of noble forest trees, its rambling hedgerows, and its lazy brooks excite a sensation of coolness, freshness, and repose, suggesting shady retreats and grassy nooks,

mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni,

which one would not experience on a Highland mountain.

In the month of October the aspect of the country is different. Its greenness has begun to give way before the touch of autumn. The elms now mingle pale yellow with their dark summer vesture. Stock have been turned into the meadows, and the rich young grass which sprung up after the scythe was sheathed has been trodden down and eaten off. The hedges are beginning to wear a sombre look. But still, on one of those bright hot days which we often have early in the month the meadows 'have not yet lost all their original brightness.' One can still throw oneself on the grass and watch one's float sail slowly over the perch pool—for the perch is now in prime condition—till its sudden disappearance brings us on our feet, to find we have another good one on

the hook. In fact, a day's bottom fishing along our brook in early October is practically a repetition of what it was in August or September, except that the fish have all been improving in the interval.

It will be seen that perch, as a rule, do not lie in very deep water, and that a brook as here described is quite deep enough to furnish good fish, though not so large, of course, as the famous perch rivers, such as the Kennet, or as lakes and reservoirs have to show. But in float-fishing from the bank of either a small river or a large brook considerable skill is required; Mr. Francis would say nearly as much as is required of the fly-fishers. I am sure this is true of roach-fishing. And with all alike the same knowledge of the fish's habits is necessary, whether we are in pursuit of perch, roach or chub, trout or grayling. It is this kind of knowledge which, alike in shooting, fishing, or hunting, distinguishes the true sportsman from the mere taker of fish, shooter of partridges, or rider after hounds. If to a good seat on horseback or skill with the rod and the gun he adds some knowledge of natural history and of the habits of the wild creatures whom he hunts, shoots, or hooks, he may be called a genuine sportsman. I have sometimes thought, though the idea may seem fanciful enough, that between these two classes of men—those, namely, who do combine the two qualifications aforesaid and those who do not—there is the same kind of difference as that described by Mr. Pleydell in 'Guy Mannering' between a lawyer who is a scholar and a lawyer who is not. The Advocates' Library contained 'the best editions of the best authors, and in particular an admirable collection of classics.' 'These,' said Mr. Pleydell to the Colonel, 'are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mere mechanic, a mere working mason. If he possesses some knowledge of these he may venture to call himself an architect.'

The biggest perch, as I have already said, are to be found in ponds; and, besides the brook, I had leave to fish in a reservoir a few miles away. An old angler, who remembered it before it was stocked with pike, said that at one time he could stand on the bank and catch perch running from one pound to one and a half almost as fast as he cared for, and sometimes much bigger ones. I myself never did much there. Only on one occasion, fishing from a boat, and baiting with a minnow, I hooked and captured after some awkward struggles a perch that weighed two pounds and three-quarters.

I never caught one half the size anywhere else; but I have

had good sport with the perch on Frensham great pond, and on some beautifully situated ponds not very far from it, then but little known to the public, but now, alas! 'opened up' and vulgarised by picnics—I mean Waggoners Wells, which lie on the right of the Portsmouth road, a little beyond Hindhead. I remember at Frensham, when I was about fifteen, standing on some piles which ran out into the water at the head of the pond, and having fine sport during a heavy thunderstorm. The perch came to the brandlings eagerly, and I landed four or five brace in the course of an hour, running in weight from a quarter of a pound to three-quarters. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared, but I was too engrossed with my rod to take much notice of either. Another time at Waggoners Wells I had equally good sport, though not under such exciting circumstances. But, after all, it was not with the intention of celebrating special days of sport, or even sport in particular, that I began this paper. I wrote it under the influence of that craving for the cool green English summer, with its meadows, its brooks, its tall tangled hedgerows, and its 'immemorial elms,' which, familiar to me years ago, revisit my imagination, as already stated, when what is called Mid-summer is passed and what is truly Mid-summer approaches. If the three summer months extend from June 21 to September 21, August 1 is clearly the middle of them; and the weather usually corresponds to this suggestion. But the same walk which I have above described may be taken in November as well as August or September. The pike will then be in season, and the brook that I have in my mind's eye used to be famous for them. Of course, it did not breed monsters, but fish from eight to twelve pounds were frequently taken in it. But with these at the present moment we have nothing to do.

Isaac Walton was a great lover of Nature as well as of rod and line, and he and Gilbert White ought to be read together. They are our two leading examples of that combination of sporting tastes with a love of Nature and natural history, and the alliance of both with literature, which during the last century became so frequent and so popular as to cause Charles Kingsley to pronounce it the offspring of a tenth muse. And certainly one result of it has been to bring the sportsman more within the range of ideas to which he was formerly a stranger, and the man of letters and of culture more into sympathy with the sportsman than he was in the days of Addison and Johnson. Not, indeed, that the two

classes never intermingled at all. Pulteney and Carteret, accomplished scholars as well as distinguished statesmen, were both sportsmen, and shared this taste with Walpole and Grafton, who knew as little of art or letters as their own gamekeepers and huntsmen. White and Walton are the two fathers of sporting literature, and half their reputation depends upon the style in which they illustrated their favourite pursuits. For Walton, at all events, is no impeccable authority on the sport to which he was devoted. His errors have been pointed out by anglers of a later day. But he lives not in their report. Were his mistakes twice as numerous as they are said to be, it could not affect his position in the temple of fame. 'The Compleat Angler,' as has well been said, is not a text-book, but an idyll. And but for the absence of a milkmaid I should have called my own production by that name. But an idyll without a Galatea is a poor tale. I may add that I have never seen a milkmaid. I suppose that they existed in the golden age of Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have wished that she was one, and the merry days of Charles II., when, as the Tory foxhunter observed, we used to have such fine weather. And even now, perhaps, they may linger in sheltered nooks and corners, among the beautiful herds of Devonshire, or among the primitive inhabitants of the Welsh hills. But in central England I have looked for one in vain, and have been obliged to content myself with the milkmaid of poetry and fiction. For she, be it noted, is something more than only a maid who milks. She must be pretty, and neat, and clear-complexioned, and in the habit of regaling anglers with a song or a syllabub, or both. Neither Walton nor Sir Thomas Overbury could have invented her. There must really have been milkmaids once upon a time who, when 'going a-milking,' would tell an impertinent inquirer that their face was their fortune, and when he declined to marry on that endowment only replied that nobody 'axed' him. But, alas! these fair visions have left the earth—the earth, at least, that I know—and I can only place them in imagination alongside of the mermaid and other fabulous animals, as old Weller would have called them. Walton's milkmaid seems to have been a pretty and agreeable young person, and to have attracted warmer admiration from Piscator's 'scholar' than the master thought becoming. The milkmaid of living reality in the twentieth century need fear no such attentions.

T. E. KEBBEL.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

XVII.—AN APPEAL FROM BURFORD.

'I HAVE lived,' wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, 'both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.'

'Burford,' he says, with that magnificent nonchalance of the creative imagination which calls things that are not as though they were, for the place Stevenson had in his mind was not Burford at all, but a little Surrey hamlet called Burford Bridge. As everybody knows, the boat did put off from the Queen's Ferry, and the 'dear cargo' was that very pretty gentleman Mr. Balfour, of Shaws; but I for one am glad that Burford Bridge never took its place, by virtue of any rattle at the shutters, in the world of imaginative story, or it might have gone more hardly still with the real Burford, whose romantic history would have been sunk still deeper in oblivion. Ah, if only our younger wizard of the north had known the true Burford! How it would have tugged at his spirit! 'The inn at Burford,' he says. At the beginning of last century there were still seventeen inns at Burford to a population of fourteen hundred persons, and earlier there were more; so he would have had a fair field of choice for the scene of his tragic errand. And they were inns at which events not only might have happened, but did happen. Here are a few entries from the Register of Burials:

'1617, 2 Jan., Wm. Hall, kilde with a pot at the *Bull*.

'1620, 31 Jan., Robert Tedder, a stranger, stabde with a knife at the *George* by one Pottley, at the race.

'1622, 25 June, Thomas Hughe, stabde at the *Swann*.

'1626, William Bacster, gent. sometymes of Norfolk and in

that sheir borne, and now belonging to the lord Morden was slaine at the *George*, the next day after the race, and buried 6 Nov.'

'The race for the King's plate, on the magnificent downs stretching Bibury way over the Gloucestershire border, was one of the things which made Burford famous right down to the middle of last century, and was one cause of the many inns in the town and the many burials in the churchyard. Of course, by itself the stabbing in a drunken brawl, even of a 'gent. sometymes of Norfolk,' furnishes inadequate material for the tragic muse; but passions thus violently purged had no doubt often their first occasion in more romantic circumstances.

But if we come to the period of the Civil War, how the inn shutters might—nay, must—have been made to rattle. On the night of June 20, 1644, no less a person than Charles I. was lodged at the '*George*' on his way back to Oxford; it not being agreeable to him to become the guest of the lord of the manor, none other than the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons, who ten years before had bought Burford Priory of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland. Or, again, at the very beginning of the struggle, as Sir John Byron lay in Burford on his way to join Lord Hertford, a party of Parliamentary troopers rode in from Cirencester, on a frosty night, and found unexpected guests at the '*White Hart*,' who gave the alarm, and after some hard fighting drove the troopers off. The parish register contains the consequent entry: 'Sixe soldiers slaine in Burford & buried the 2 Januarij.' Or, again, later, on May 3, 1645, Rupert was here with two thousand foot and horse on his way to visit the King at Oxford, and there is an entry in the register which is not without tragic suggestion:

'George Rowley, an officer in Prince Rupert his army, dyeing of a wound received, was buried ye eight of May.'

Who gave Master Rowley his wound? There were no Parliamentary armies nearer than Newbury. It is, however, four years later still, when Cromwell has taken the place of Charles as the centre of romantic interest, that Burford becomes the very focus of events. Those premature advocates of the Law of Nature and the Rights of Man, unhandsomely denounced by the commonplace Englishman as '*Levellers*,' had mutinied against their officers in several regiments, and it was at Burford that they

received their death-blow from the iron hand of the Lieutenant-General, who captured here between three and four hundred, and shut them up in the church, while a council of war deliberated about their punishment. In this *émeute* we are told that 'some, refusing to surrender, made good an inn, out of which they made about sixteen shot; one of them was killed and two or three wounded.' From the Burial Register we learn that this inn was 'the Crowne'—a name of evil omen for the enemies of monarchy—now the Lamb at the corner of Priory Lane and Sheep Street. The council of war decided that all the prisoners were guilty of death, and this decision, in the words of the official pamphlet, 'so prevailed upon their spirits that a greater appearance of ingenuity, confession, and sorrow hath not been found amongst men in judging and aggravating their own offence.' They drew up a petition to the Lord General Fairfax, declaring 'the odious wickedness of their Fact,' and entreating His Excellency 'to extend the bowels of his tender compassion towards them in omitting the execution of his most just sentence, and inflicting such other punishment upon them which they were able to bear.' In the event four ringleaders, Cornet Thompson, Cornet Dean, and two corporals, Church and Perkins, were sentenced to death, and three were shot against the churchyard wall (May 18, 1649), while the other prisoners looked on from the roof of the church; Cornet Dean being respited at the last moment. From a tract called 'The Levellers (falsely so called) vindicated, by a faithful remnant that hath not yet bowed the knee unto Baal,' we learn that Dean was suspected with some reason of having betrayed his brethren; and though it hurt them that Cromwell, who had 'stood by to see Cornet Tomson, Master Church, and Master Perkins murdered,' should afterwards come to them in the church and make 'his old manner of dissembling speeches,' it hurt them still more that the 'wretched Judas Dean' should be sent to them 'to preach apostasy in the pulpit, howling and weeping like a crocodile.' The lead of the church font still bears an inscription, 'Anthony Sedley Prisner, 1649,' and the bullet marks on the churchyard wall are still shown to the faithful pilgrim.

The purpose of these brief reminiscences is to make an appeal. Will not one of our romantic storytellers—in the CORNHILL I shall be understood as referring to Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and to these I will take the liberty of adding Mr. Meade Falkner, whose 'nebuly coat' I see in a window of Burford Church—will not some inheritor of the tradition of R. L. S. under-

take the task he prophetically indicated—meaning more than he knew—and send the long-expected horseman to a Burford inn on a tragic errand? I would ask their attention to the dramatic opportunities of the place in the seventeenth century. At the Priory, as I said, lived Lenthall the Speaker, in a house full of ghosts. Falkland, from whom he bought it for £7000, and who died at Newbury, moved through the chambers as noiselessly as in life; his predecessor and grandfather, Chief Baron Tanfield, haunted the environs in his coach and six; and so feared and hated had he made himself by his chicanery that a tradition grew that he would one day return to earth like Nero and the Apocalyptic beast; and the date fixed by prophecy was when the Windrush should have left dry a certain stone in one of the piers of Burford Bridge. Within living memory an old woman was seen, one very hot summer, pouring water on this stone to prevent the *dies irae*. Lenthall's repentance for his share in the King's death, and the chapel that he built, and the epitaph he chose for himself 'Vermis sum,' are in the history books, and need not be repeated here.

Then there was the vicar—Mr. Christopher Glyn—a Burford boy, who passed through Merchant Taylors' School to St. John's College, Oxford, and became, according to the school historian, 'ancestor of the Baronetical families of Glyn.' He held the living for thirty-five years, marrying in 1622, as was the Burford fashion, a widow, one Mrs. Margerie Needham, the daughter of the host of the 'George' inn, and mother of Marchamont Needham, the turncoat journalist (on whom consult Prof. Firth in D.N.B.), and dying in 1668, having passed successfully through the troubles. But there is a note about him in the Domestic State Papers which would lead one to suspect that he escaped rather by virtue of his friends and patrons than through his own discretion:

'1649, March 29.—Captain Smith's [? the Regicide] information against Glyn of Burford referred to the Committee for plundered ministers, and Glyn to be prosecuted.'

Three years later he has to submit, on the petition of 'divers well-affected inhabitants of Burford,' and on the ground that he is 'an aged man,' to the appointment of a lecturer, Mr. Nicholas Penwarne, of New Inn Hall, to preach 'on the Lords dayes in the afternoon and on Tuesday in every week' at an 'augmentation' of £50 a year. But Mr. Glyn himself profited by the Commonwealth;

for his vicar's tithes were augmented by £17 a year out of the sequestered episcopal estate, to which an extra £13 was added subsequently. Mr. Glyn was also Master of the Grammar School, an Elizabethan foundation, which boasts among its famous *alumni* Peter Heylyn, the wicked Earl of Rochester, the first Lord Liverpool, and Sir William Beechey, and still administers secondary education to the youth of a wide district. That Mr. Glyn was something of a disciplinarian may be gathered from the following entry :

'Thomas Minchin of Burford doth not allowe of the prayers at the parish church, using scandalous speeches against Mr. Glyn, the vicar there. He is excommunicated for his obstinate and schismatical answer';

and perhaps from the fact that his advent in the parish is signalised, according to the churchwardens' accounts, by the sudden appearance of a 'Book of Cannons' and 'a Prayer Book for the fifth of November.' His partial obscurity by Mr. Penwarne is marked by the purchase of 'a hower glasse.' Other local notabilities of this period are Mr. Jordan, the attorney; Mr. Thomas Castle, a leading burgess, who lived in the 'Great House,' and is described on his tomb 'Pro Christo semper Castellanus'; Henry Neale, the famous bell-founder; some members of the family of Sylvester, the great clothiers of the period; the saddlers, whose names I have not been able so far to recover, though in the seventeenth century Burford saddles had a European reputation; and the quarrymen who supplied stone to the new St. Paul's, as in earlier centuries they had supplied it for the Oxford Colleges, one name among them being still remembered from his having been master-mason at St. Paul's, Christopher Kempster.

Of the houses in the town, as about other Burford antiquities, my friend the Rev. W. H. Hutton has already written, with more intimate knowledge and a more graceful pen than I can pretend to, in his well-known volumes 'By Thames and Cotswold' and 'Burford Papers,' all but one house, to me the most interesting, partly because it is that in which I am now writing, but still more because it has witnessed the whole history of the town, and must have played a real part in it, especially in whatever fighting went on in Priory Lane during the Civil War, and so it becomes the fitting home for my suggested romance. The first historian of Burford, the Rev. John Fisher, calls it a 'handsome stone mansion,' but

I remark that its tenant at the time subscribed for six copies of Mr. Fisher's history. The last historian, Mr. W. J. Monk, calls it 'a very good house overlooking the Priory, which has been interfered with, though there is one doorway worthy of notice.' Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between these extremes. But it is the history, not the architecture, of the house, that for the moment concerns me. It was built on glebe-land, and formed part of the endowment of the rectory. In the twelfth century the rectory was appropriated to the abbey of Keynsham in Somerset, and when the monasteries were dissolved by Henry VIII. it became the property of the Crown. A decade or two later, when Queen Elizabeth was empowered by Parliament at her accession to make the bishops exchange their good manors against whatever she chose to offer in return of the same ostensible value, it passed with other rectories to the bishopric of Oxford, for which see, no doubt as being the creation of her lamented father, the Queen had an extreme affection, keeping it vacant and impounding its revenues for forty-one out of the forty-four years of her reign. All this time, naturally, the various occupiers of the Priory farmed the rectory glebe, and rented the rectory house, but it was not theirs; it thrust itself, like a Naboth's vineyard, into their prospect, but not even Tanfield, though he made iniquitous bargains with the vicars of Burford, could play Ahab to Queen Elizabeth's Naboth, or after her death to a bishop of Oxford under the Stuarts. But everything comes to him who waits, if only he can wait long enough. Tanfield unhappily had already been twenty years under his magnificent tomb in the chapel which represents his last theft from the parish, when the chance of taking possession came with the sequestration of episcopal property in 1649. On May 7 in that year there was read, for the third time, 'an act for settling the Rectory or Parsonage House of Burford in the Co. of Oxon, and some of the Glebe lands upon William Lenthall, Esq^e., now Speaker, and his heirs,' in consideration of the sum of £40 paid to the treasurer for bishop's lands. At the Restoration, when Church property reverted to its rightful owners, Lenthall must have been allowed a lease of the Rectory, for it is mentioned among other possessions in his will. And so this little house became an appanage of the Priory, until the departure of the Lenthalls in 1828. Perhaps on some future occasion I may ask leave to tell the story of its inmates.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

A CYMRIC "CONFESSION BOOK."

A YEAR or two ago, as 'a Welshman of the Dispersion,' to borrow a misleading description of Welshmen normally resident in England from the curious volume prompting these observations, I wrote, and the CORNHILL MAGAZINE printed, an article on the Welsh in London.¹ In it an attempt was made to reveal to English readers something of the extraordinary cohesiveness and isolation, in a microcosm of their own construction, of the Welsh folk who live in and about the capital of England, of the Kingdom, of the Empire. To those who read, it probably was in the nature of a revelation to be informed that, besides keeping up Welsh churches and Welsh chapels in the heart of London, these Welsh people maintain also there the most characteristic and individual of their racial institutions, the Eisteddfod. Amidst the towering warehouses of the City is wedged a large chapel having appurtenant halls, and in these halls choral competitions and all the stock programme of the Eisteddfod are carried on as earnestly and as systematically as in Caernarvon or Caermarthen. In short, these Welsh folk live among the English, but they are not, because they wish not to be, of the English. In this is something that appeals to sympathy and sentiment, and, it must be added, some matter for regret also. These fellow countrymen and women of mine are not really 'of the dispersion.' They are far too fond of pitying themselves as exiles, of likening themselves to the children of Israel by the waters of Babylon. In truth they have not the slightest difficulty in singing the songs of Zion in a strange land for the simple reason that they have for the most part come into that land of their own free will and under no compulsion save that of the desire to 'better themselves' in this world.

To the paper of a year or two ago the observations here following are complementary. In them an effort will be made to describe the Welsh as they believe themselves to be, to look at them through Welsh spectacles, adding to the picture thus obtained a few touches of unvarnished truth. These last are given with the authority of personal knowledge, for we 'of the dispersion' keep up a rational

¹ February 1904.

interest in Wales and in things Welsh, although we do not all cherish, and certainly do not protest, that heart-sick longing to return to our native hills and valleys which others with equal pride and sorrow proclaim in the market place. If the former of these two classes recognise that they have neither right nor desire to swamp their British citizenship in ancient British racialism they can, and they usually do, watch the course of events in the land of their birth with 'rational interest'; and 'rational' implies such interest as is not inconsistent with a just appreciation and a steadfast observance of the relative importance of racialism and the true feeling of nationality. So, as it happens, we reach at the very outset the parting of the ways, and it becomes necessary to state a conviction that English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, as such, may talk of their separate races, and cherish their racial institutions and traditions if they please, but that they all go to make one nation and that nationality is altogether too grand and significant a word to be applied properly to their individual cases.

How, then, is a Welshman, who has kept himself aloof on principle from an esoteric, exclusive, and self-centred Cymricism, to be heard when he sets himself up to explain what manner of people the home-staying Welsh are now in their own opinion, and how they hope to work out that which they believe to be their destiny? The answer to this question is provided by a volume of nearly 400 closely printed pages, issued from the offices of the 'Western Mail,' a Cardiff daily newspaper enjoying a large circulation in Wales and Monmouthshire, although it is printed in the English language. The volume is edited by Mr. Thomas Stephens of Camberwell, of Cambria also most clearly, under the title 'Wales To-day and To-morrow,' and it contains no less than eighty articles, by eighty persons, and portraits of most of the eighty, as well as an Introduction by the editor. It contains also 'greetings' from the late Sir Lewis Morris in verse, from Mr. George Meredith and Sir John Puleston in prose, and from a bard rejoicing in the name of Eifion Wyn in Welsh verse. How exactly the essayists, if that be not too high-sounding a word to apply to many of them, were collected, the editor omits to state in his Introduction, probably because he wrote in a mood of almost lyrical exultation; nor does he define the scope of the volume; but it must be confessed that the tone of his description of its general character prepares the reader adequately, if not very precisely, for the trend of a large part of its contents. 'This book is

a mirror held before the face of Wales of to-day. Herein is reflected the fair, fresh countenance of her rising nationalism, and the expanding life of her people. The book is not reminiscent.' (This, in passing, is an inaccuracy, for many of the articles indulge in retrospect, and one of the most vehement of all, on the Welsh Church question, is by way of following the historical method.)

Its eyes are fixed on the present, with a brief glance at the future . . . Churchman and Dissenter, Conservative and Liberal, Individualist and Socialist, preacher and educationalist, bard and singer, sculptor and painter, merchant and farmer, employer and employed, North Walian and South Walian, Welsh-speaking and English-speaking Welshmen—all these find a pulpit in 'Wales To-day and Tomorrow.'

They do indeed, and, since their sermons appear to be entirely independent, the result is so kaleidoscopic as a whole, so naïf and absurdly young in many parts, as to call to mind irresistibly the 'Confession Books' of thirty years ago. In these, which seem to have become quite obsolete now, girls used to make their friends write down their preferences in books and complexions, their favourite lines of poetry and so forth; and in one, still extant, I quoted as my favourite lines:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank, with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever Gods may be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Considerably less than thirty years were needed to convince me (even if the book had not been laid aside and forgotten by her who kept it, until a short time ago) that this borrowed sentiment was but a silly and youthful affectation of pessimism. In charity it may be hoped that in a few years, or even months, some of the writers in this 'Cymric Confession Book'—for many of them, to judge by the appearance of their portraits, are quite young—will realise that the views expressed by them are narrow, virulent, wanting in sense of humour, and abounding in vanity, to a degree calculated to stir the derision of the English and the indignation of sober-minded Welshmen. Their offence is far worse than mine was; I did but exercise the inalienable right of a young man to write himself down an ass in the decorous semi-privacy of a sub-

urban drawing-room. They have done all that in them lay to make a public laughing-stock of a race, or, as they would like to say, a nation, entitled by virtue of some of its qualities to a due measure of reasoned respect among men.

'The Cymric Confession Book' is divided into sections, headed 'Religion,' 'Politics and Social Reform,' 'Education,' 'Art and Literature'—into all of which religion or sectarian politics enter largely—and 'Industry, Trade, and Commerce.' The last section, mainly statistical, does not concern us here, and, for various reasons, no effort shall be made to treat of the subject matter of the other sections. Religion itself is at once too sacred and too thorny; religious politics, or politics arising out of forms of religion, are bitter and unattractive; Welsh education is interesting, but too complex a question to be assailed at the moment. About Welsh literature I unfortunately know very little; and of Welsh art, save in the matter of music, there exists even less than I know of Welsh literature. The Welsh are not prolific of painters, for a reason alluded to later, nor of sculptors. They produce neither architects nor artistic craftsmen. But, although the subjects of the sections are left untreated, a perusal of the articles none the less leaves a clear conviction that the book, as a whole, is calculated to produce an impression most inadequately representative of the intelligence and the sanity of the Welsh people in general. After all, this mirror is but of the intellectual kind. It can but reflect, like the looking-glass, such things as are placed in front of it. A distorted face presented to the looking-glass is the cause of a wry image, and if narrow and extreme views be placed in front of the intellectual mirror, the result is analogous.

The 'greetings' are the best part of the volume, although it may be said at once that there are also a few rational articles, some of which are mentioned in the course of indicating the wrong-headedness of others. These others, my main concern, would assuredly never have been written if the 'greetings' had been printed in advance and had been taken to heart.

I know not what these varied pages tell,
What civic lessons teach or heavenward creed;
So they take thought for thee, dear land, indeed,
And seek to aid thy future, it is well.

So the late Sir Lewis Morris; but, as a Welshman living among Welshmen, he made a shrewd guess.

Let thought, with emulous thought combined, inspire
 New themes more worthy of the bardic lyre
 Than those once sung within the ashen grove ;
 Themes fired with loftier warmth of eager love
 For this our little plot of native earth.

Yet scorn not thou the universal speech
 Which to a listening world our brethren teach ;
 Through commerce, and the victories of peace,
 March on, and let thy fate with theirs increase.
 Dear land, arise, come forth, nor ever more,
 Brooding apart where thy cowl'd mountains rise,
 Monklike against the skies,
 Forget to mingle with thy neighbour race,
 His vigour, and thy grace.

Poetic inspiration may be lacking in these lines, but sound sense is there. Sir Lewis Morris, speaking from the grave, warns his fellow-countrymen of their besetting sins ; and that the warning was needed the book shows. Concerning the Welsh greeting in verse of Eifion Wyn I have nothing to say ; and Sir John Puleston's 'greeting' is merely conventional. Mr. George Meredith's words, written apparently after some study of the work, are earnest and important. After referring to the constitutional inability of the Welsh of old time to forget a personal affront, to the treacheries staining their annals, to Welshmen's fervid temperament and its consequences in national spirit and language still surviving, he proceeds :

Happily also they can, as we see in the present collection, be abreast of the times. It is to be said with much satisfaction that they can be Welsh, and not merely Welsh. For patriotism has its dangers, and the narrowing of mind is one of them. Well, the jealousy between North Wales and South Wales has passed away, we may hope, and they join, in a common rivalry with the English, to strengthen the nation either in arms or in the arts, in science or in studies that lead to the nobler humanism upon which a purified civilisation has to rest.

The use of the word 'nation,' in the last sentence quoted, supports a view advanced by me on an earlier page. It is not to be suggested that the word is used without meaning, nor that Mr. Meredith's words of praise are not applied, after thought, to those articles of which they can be used with justice and with truth ; and this to me is at once a comfort and a convenience. Certainly we see in this book that the Welsh, some of them, can be Welsh and not merely Welsh, which is all Mr. Meredith says ; but we also see that others cannot be Welsh without being much too intensely Welsh. Mr. Meredith has praised the first class, and he has ignored

the second. Let his praise, being of the highest value, suffice to content them without further recognition, infinitely less in value, of their merit from me; and be mine the task to deal faithfully with some of those whom Mr. Meredith has ignored in charity and in courtesy.

Whole truth to tell, many of the articles in this volume show strong marks of that Cymric megalomania, or tendency to unmeasured praise of all things Welsh, having its necessary corollary in national mikromania and an unlovely desire to cry down all things English. The editor strikes the keynote:

To the patriotic Welshman there are New Jerusalem glories about Wales. There is no country like it in all the world. Wealthier isles, more bountiful realms, ampler harvests, and lands of greater renown, there may be; but such woods and vales, enchanted shores, mysterious mountains, grassy slopes, limpid streams, are nowhere known outside Wales—land of beauty, virtue and valour.

Reckless boasting of this kind provokes reprisals. Scotland and Ireland, to say nothing of England, have scenery in precisely the same kind as that of Wales, and plenty of such scenery, at least equal in merit. Again, since the reference in the concluding salutation is clearly to persons, an honest Welshman cannot but point out that Welsh maidens, albeit pleasing, are apt to have squat figures and bad teeth, that certain unpleasant statistics dispose once and for all of the Welsh claim to exceptional virtue, and that, in the matter of valour, the deeds of English, Scottish, and Irish regiments are at least on a par with those of Welsh battalions. A page or two later Mr. Stephens says, 'the labourer who harks from Somersetshire and Devonshire and many other parts of England has never learned how to provide himself with a place of worship.' It is to be hoped the good gentleman is unaware that English villages, almost without exception, show Nonconformist chapels, very ugly for the most part, built and attended exclusively by the labourers and the very small tradesmen. This method of wild exaggeration of Welsh virtues, combined with depreciation or denial of the like in England, is exasperating. It will not impose upon anybody; it is calculated to strengthen the ancient complaint that the Welsh hold truth in no excessive regard; and there is enough and to spare of the method in the book. Hear the Reverend E. Penar Griffiths of Swansea—the proportion of reverend gentlemen who contribute is startling even for Wales—'Be the Welshman of to-day Iberian or Celt, the progress of his mind and morals forms a more luminous path than any physical

movement that man or nation can make.' The path may be luminous; the words are no more lucid than 'lurid flames and frank suspicion'; but, as in puzzles of words set by some more distinguished authors, the context, almost rhapsodical in this instance, makes it possible to conjecture that which the writer has failed to convey. 'Whatever may be done by us in the future, it is pleasant to think that many a long mile has been negotiated.' (This 'negotiated' smacks of the journalism of the turf, and Mr. Griffiths may be called to account for it by the 'Great Session.')

We have passed by the Iberian's flint axe, the Celt's bronze knife. We bade farewell to the stone altars and the leafy temple of the Druid. We have advanced beyond Caractacus and Boadicea in our conception of courage. We passed beyond the children of the Triads in many-sidedness of mind and knowledge. We laid on one side the coracle to take up the steam-boat. We extinguished the beacon-fire on the high mountain to hearken to the quick telegram. No longer shall the 'great coach' of olden time crawl through the hoar-frost of the vale; we prefer the quick and comfortable train.

Bless the orotund and reverend writer's heart, has not every other civilised race done, *mutatis mutandis*, the same? But we of the Welsh, it appears, had our peculiar way of doing it. We 'walked slowly . . . with the weight of a nation's best in our heart and mind, leaving a deep footmark behind as we walked on'; and from all this I am candidly unable to make out anything at all, except that Mr. Griffiths likes high-sounding phrases, and that Welsh progress was slow. So, perhaps the cause for Cymric self-congratulation is not exceptionally conspicuous.

Next comes a Lowland Scot, not a Welshman at all, but the redoubtable Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., who discourses on Socialism and the Celt. The original purpose of excluding politics is not infringed by attention paid to his version of Socialism, because his Socialism, mainly prophetic and vituperative, is not worthy to be called politics. His vaticinations show a fundamental misapprehension of Welsh character.

As one in a position to judge, I predict that Wales will be the first of the three countries to hoist the Socialist standard as the symbol of its national policy. It was a dark day for humanity when the words *meum* and *tuum* first saw the light. All Celtic people are at heart Communists.

As one in a much better position to judge than Mr. Keir Hardie, I reply with flat, possibly with rude, certainly with necessary contradiction. Lest occasion be given to the enemy to blaspheme, I avoid the question whether Taffy is an ardent believer in *tuum*, but

nobody who knows him can doubt for a moment his whole-hearted devotion to *meum*. He might conceivably, like a good many other men, be converted to a one-sided communism, consisting entirely of taking, not at all of giving; but let the Welshman once realise that Mr. Keir Hardie's Socialism means, supposing it has any meaning at all, the confiscation for the imaginary benefit of the public of the property accumulated by him through untold thrift and industry, and Mr. Keir Hardie may pack up his carpet bag for Cumnock, which had enough of him, or for the East End of London, which grew weary of him, many years ago. 'It is easy,' said a prominent leader of Welsh Nonconformity in my hearing once, 'to reach a Welshman's heart, but very hard to reach his pocket.' By parity of reasoning it is a risky enterprise to threaten his pocket, or rather it will be risky when he understands the nature of the threat. Mr. Hardie, however, realises the Welshman's susceptibility to flattery, however crude, not that this weakness is exclusively Welsh. 'The mechanics of music may have come from the stolid Teutons, but all its spirituality is Celtic.' But this fulsome misstatement is insult, not compliment, by reason of the ignorance it assumes in the recipient.

And so, too, with literature. One has only to read Lady Charlotte Guest's translations of the 'Mabinogion' and other reproductions of early Welsh romances to see where the imaginative side of our literature, the only enduring thing in literature, comes from.

Here, of course, is a grain of Mr. Matthew Arnold, with a peck of nonsense; but even to the grain, having regard to its surroundings, a grateful welcome is due.

Another writer, the Reverend J. Hugh Edwards, of London, certainly had Mr. Matthew Arnold in mind when he wrote that

Wales's special task is to constantly hold before a Philistine and materialistic age the Celtic idea of poetry, self-sacrifice and faith, to testify that man doth not live by bread alone, and, with its clarified vision seeing beyond the veil of matter, to enforce upon the nations of the earth that the greatness of a people is determined by higher considerations than extent of territory and superiority of arms.

In fact, we are told that 'this is the vision which Matthew Arnold saw,' but, as Mr. Edwards quotes his authority, his readers have the opportunity of seeing the qualifying words 'if it be wisely directed.' Mr. Edwards, too, is among the writers who give sound advice to the Welsh, that they should eschew isolation and imitate the Scots by fighting their own way in the world. That is precisely

what our old friends the Welsh in London, and for that matter in Liverpool and a score of places besides, are doing, not without success. Still they will hardly welcome Mr. Edwards's apology for the fact, if fact it be, that the Scots have outstripped them because the Scots have enjoyed greater educational facilities. There was something in this contention once, but the bottom of it has been gone now for many years, during which Wales has been the spoiled child of educationists. She spends, we learn from the Introduction, 5s. 9d. per head of her population on education, Scotland 4s. 10d., and England but 3s., although probably England finds a good deal of the 5s. 9d. and the 4s. 10d. If the Scottish results be better than the Welsh, as they are and probably always will be, the credit must be ascribed to certain useful traits in the Scottish character, dogged pertinacity and unflinching courage, for example, not to be found among the Welsh in a conspicuous degree.

The extreme advocates of the alleged necessity for taking steps to preserve the Welsh language are, as might be expected, sublimely oblivious of the possibility that they may seem ridiculous. 'Public opinion needs to be educated up to the standard that a sacred charge and obligation rests on every man, woman, and child living in Wales to speak Welsh.' This is certainly too sweeping, but let it pass.

Cardiff commenced well by making it compulsory in all its schools, but, at the behest of a few aliens, it has temporarily pawned its birthright as the metropolis of Wales by making Welsh optional, but the pledge will yet be redeemed.

This is wild midsummer madness. Cardiff has no sort of birth-right as the metropolis of Wales. It is a town, once quite insignificant, of which the rapid growth within the memories of living men has been compared justly with that of some American cities. That growth was due, in the main, to the construction of the magnificent docks by an 'alien,' Lord Bute, to the discovery by John Nixon, an 'alien' from the North of England, of the vast potentialities of Welsh steam coal, and to his indomitable enterprise in forcing it upon the world. Other 'aliens,' more of them than of Welshmen, it is to be feared, have helped to bring about the greatness of Cardiff, and its population consists very largely of English, and of polyglot folks who live in the vicinity of the docks, and of foreign sailors of many tongues and colours. It would be as childish to make Welsh compulsory in the elementary schools of Cardiff as to enact a similar law for Liverpool; but that is not to say that it

may not be done. As for the word 'alien,' there is no word in all the jargon of Welsh 'Nationalist' agitation so telling when addressed to the ignorant and to the prejudiced, none so exasperating or repellent in the view of educated Welshmen, other than those who, for purposes of their own, have taken a hand in this agitation. It means at bottom a rule that 'no English need apply in Wales,' and the rule is acted upon far too often, and in quite unnecessary cases, in making public appointments. I never hear the word, never read it, without reflecting how extremely inconvenient it would be for me, and for a great many others, if the rule 'No Welsh need apply' were acted upon in England. And what is the real truth about the Welsh language? First it is in no sort of danger of dying out, and the number of persons who talk Welsh by preference is certainly greater at the present time than it has ever been known to be, probably greater than it ever has been. It is, of course, an interesting survival, and, as has been said, it is a very living survival, so that it does not stand in any need at all of tender treatment. If it should die out, the loss would assuredly not be without its compensations. Wales, in fact, suffers not a little from her language. Clergymen in Wales must know Welsh; it is highly desirable, and recognised so to be, that County Court judges should have a colloquial knowledge of it. The result is that, since the Welsh gentry are, for the most part, ignorant of Welsh, the field from which clergymen can be obtained for Welsh work is small, and that, when the Lord Chancellor has to find a new County Court judge for a Welsh circuit, his choice is restricted. Again, in the courts of justice Welsh is an unmitigated nuisance, except to a prevaricating witness: for it is practically impossible to cross-examine such a witness effectively through an interpreter. Hence, in a large measure comes the unenviable reputation of the Welsh witness for false swearing in courts of justice. He is in truth subject to a temptation from which the Englishman is free. So, if Welsh would but perish, the calamity would certainly not be unmixed, for there is quite enough of it in a literary form to fill all the needs of philologists, and, in many ways, it is an inconvenience and a disadvantage to Welshmen, most of all, perhaps, because it tends to make them Welsh and merely Welsh. It should be emphasised, however, that the writers who show sanity on this question are fairly numerous; but the extremists are extreme indeed, and black sheep are always conspicuous in a flock.

In relation to matters musical Cymric complacency has, it is

plain, suffered a rude awakening of late from a dream of long duration. True it is that the Rev. J. Machreth Rees, of London, still maintains the singular view that 'the Welsh standard differs from the English,' complains of the appointment of English adjudicators at Eisteddfodic competitions, and suggests that they fall into injustice in fact, although not in intention. On the other hand, Mr. D. T. Ffrangcon Davies, who speaks with the authority properly belonging to a singer of high rank and to a professor of the principal musical body in the kingdom, tells a very different story. 'Much remains to be done before our country can claim that she has successfully negotiated the superficiality of the outer crust and come at the hidden ore of musical art.' His English might be more simple; his meaning is plain and courageous. Mr. Harry Evans, of Liverpool, also speaks faithfully about Welsh choral singing. Caradog's South Wales Choir beat all comers at the Crystal Palace some thirty years ago, and this 'did much to disturb the equilibrium of the Welsh people;' but the actual victory was only over a choir from South London, a locality never celebrated for choral singing. In 1887 came a bitter set-back, for John North's Huddersfield choir beat the best choirs Wales could produce. (It was at about this time that an English Doctor of Music and well-known musical critic uttered some home truths concerning the methods of Welsh choral singing, and that some ingenious person set up the fantastic theory upheld still by Mr. Machreth Rees.) The real explanation for the defeats of Welsh choirs is that, although good male voices are abundant in Wales, their possessors rest satisfied with a limited knowledge of the tonic solfa system, so that much modern and classical music is a closed book to them. Further, it is clear that not pure love of music or of singing only bring the choirs together, but also the desire to win substantial money prizes in choral competition: so they elect to keep to the beaten track of the pieces they know, learn new music *œgre et moleste*, and the choirs are often disbanded when the prize is won or lost.

One individual article remains, calling for specific attention. Entitled 'Welsh Home-Life,' supported by another to much the same effect, it is selected for treatment because it is truthful, even to the extent of telling more truth than its author realises, although it also betrays a tendency to maudlin sentimentality. That the pious observances of the peasant family should be described with particularity is just; but we hear just a little too much of 'Granny,' her spectacles tied on with string, her tears, and the like. Then

the Welsh farmer's wife is, as a rule, an atrocious cook ; but for her to improve in this respect would be ' to depart from the venerable customs of her people.' Her husband, we are told, and accurately so far as South Wales goes, ' demands a good dinner daily, indeed ; but his idea of a good dinner is bacon broth, with a variety of vegetables boiled in it. He will not complain if the same dish is again warmed up and served for his supper.' Now *cawl* (pronounced ' cowl '), the viand here indicated, is not always the unctuous mess here described, since it sometimes contains salt beef ; but still Welsh cooking is bad, the custom is not at all venerable, and if it were honoured in the breach we might see a sorely needed improvement in the physique of Welshmen and Welshwomen. Soon comes a sentence of deliciously unconscious betrayal : ' The vegetables he cultivates are those his fathers cultivated, *the flowers he allows to grow in odd corners* are daisies, pansies, violets, and others which came over before the Conqueror.' Let the botanical history go unchallenged ; the words italicised by me are full of sad revelation. One sees why the cottage gardens of Wales, except in model villages, make so lamentable a show. One begins to see why Welsh villages produce no Constables, no Gainsboroughs, no painters of any note at all ; the phrase leads to the suspicion that the Welshman is but half-equipped in an æsthetic sense, keenly alive to music, poetry, and oratory, which appeal to the brain through the ear, quite devoid of appreciation for colour or even for external neatness. These artless words in fact render definite a thought, long harboured vaguely, and almost forced into words by the experience of a drive through the heart of England into South Wales early in the spring of 1907. The transition from neat gardens and trim orchards to utter neglect of everything of the kind was striking, and, to a Welshman in English company, saddening. One scene was really too nauseating for description, and many spectacles of needless dirt I saw that might make an Englishman understand why the editor suggests as a startling innovation to the Welsh peasantry that they should try the effect of a clean tablecloth at meals.

Finally, I have my own view on these matters, and, believing it to be that of a large class, I give expression to it, for sundry definite reasons. First, these words of mine are likely to be quoted, in part at least, by Welsh newspaper editors, often with the addition of angry comment. They will be quoted because those editors know their business and know their readers ; and those readers,

being as a race much too self-conscious and ready to take offence, will be bitterly resentful against, and therefore keenly interested in, a Welshman's frank expression of opinion that some Cymric ambitions may be foolish and ridiculous, some Cymric institutions may leave something to be desired. Next, because I am a Welshman and therefore painfully aware that I am myself unduly self-conscious, it is an intolerable thought to me that all this olla podrida of narrow views, and racial self-congratulation, and abuse of England, and twaddle about the Welsh language, should be put forward as representing the general sentiment of the Welsh people. Englishmen may be assured that it does nothing of the kind, that it is nothing more than the advertisement placard, so to speak, of a small and often self-seeking minority upon whom the vast majority of thoughtful Welshmen look with silent contempt. But such silence is apt to be misconstrued; and that is my reason for writing.

J. E. VINCENT.

REGINA'S CALL.¹

'I've been longing to tell you all about it ever since it happened, but there's been so much to do, with visiting her twice a day, not to speak of all the unpleasing interviews with her unspeakable relations. And I can tell you, Molly, it wanted a good deal of tact to come through those ordeals unharmed.'

'And what have you been and got involved in now?' I asked as kindly as possible.

Rex flushed.

'Oh, come,' he said hastily, 'I don't make a practice of this sort of thing, you know. It was all Alexander's beastly motor.'

'You don't mean to say he let you drive it alone?' I asked tactlessly.

'I am quite capable of managing it, thank you,' Rex remarked with dignity. 'It was not in the least because I am shaky in my steering, whatever Alexander says, and the child ran across the road from a bye-lane like a flash of lightning. I saw something pink, and heard a yell, and stopped the car at once.'

'Oh, Rex, you didn't run over a child?'

'I'll tell you if you'll give me time. And you can imagine what I felt when I got out and went to look.'

'What the child felt is more to the point,' I said. Perhaps I was a little unkind in my vivid interest in the story. 'Was it dead? Oh, Rex, how shocking!'

'No,' said he coldly, 'on the contrary, she was sitting up crying, but except for a few bruises and a broken arm or so, there was nothing the matter with her at all. A crowd collected at once, and in less than ten minutes we had four doctors and three hospital nurses on the spot, all giving their advice and their opinion of my driving at once, in the frankest and most unrestrained manner. They put her in the car, and I took her to the hospital very slowly, escorted by an extraordinarily demonstrative crowd, and by the time she was comfortably put to bed all her relations were waiting in the vestibule to see me and find out my ideas on the subject of compensation. I had a happy hour of it.'

¹ Copyright, 1908, by Dorothea Deakin, in the United States of America.

'My poor Rex,' I said gently, 'were they so upset?'

'Upset?' said Rex grimly, 'yes, they were very much upset. But their tears didn't in the least dull their eyes to the main chance, and from what I gathered from one of her uncles, a motor accident is looked upon in their circle as manna in the wilderness.'

'One of her uncles?'

Rex smiled.

'Oh, yes, they were all there,' he said, 'her father and mother, two grandfathers and grandmothers, five or six aunts, three uncles, and all her brothers and sisters. It was Saturday afternoon, you see, and a holiday. Oh, yes, they'd all come.'

'Do they *all* want compensation?' I asked slowly.

'They *want* it,' Rex replied sardonically, 'but they won't get it. I've given the father—and a grimy ruffian he is—ten pounds, and he'll not get a penny more. The child's as happy as a queen in the hospital. She's never had such a time in her life.'

'Poor little girl,' I said, 'how old is she?'

'Twelve,' said Rex slowly, 'and wonderful to look at. She's very dark, with splendid black eyes, and a mouth like a red flower.'

I stared at his kindling eyes and rapturous voice.

'I've never seen such eyes,' he went on. 'They're the kind that you see in your dreams, Molly.'

'I never see anybody's black eyes in my dreams,' I murmured sadly, 'I wish I did.'

'The kind that haunt you all your life,' he went on. 'I've been to see her twice a day since it happened, and by George! her eyes! Well, they *do* grow on one most tremendously.'

'Are you falling in love with a twelve-year-old gutter child?' I asked with a smile.

Rex rose and walked away to the window. When he came back his serious face surprised me.

'Molly,' he said slowly, 'did you ever have an ideal?'

'No, why?'

'This child is my ideal of womanly beauty, and it breaks my heart to think of what she will grow into by the squalid, noisy, ignorant, brutal hands of the relatives who are bringing her up.'

'She's probably bringing herself up,' said I slowly. 'They generally do in those circles.'

'I'm poor,' said Rex, suddenly changing the subject, 'and I shall not be able to marry for at least six or seven years; but I have enough money to do something that I have been thinking of.'

'What do you mean?'

'If I buy this child and take her away from her people and educate her, in six years she will be grown up and a gloriously beautiful girl. She shall be educated and her mind shall be formed to fulfil my ideal!'

'Rex!' I gazed at him in silent horror.

'So far,' this amazing youth pursued, 'I have lived an aimless, selfish life, and now my chance has come.'

'Dear Rex,' I said gently, 'don't, don't take it. Do you think that you or anyone else will make an angel out of a little slum girl with a herd of impossible relations?'

Rex shook his head.

'You haven't seen her,' he said, 'her sweet nature speaks from her face. Only yesterday one of the nurses asked her if she wasn't glad I'd stopped the car in time, and she just put her little hands together and said, No. She was always quite ready to die.'

I gazed at him in silent horror.

'Yes,' said he, 'Queenie's her name. I call her Regina. Isn't it a beautiful name? When she comes out I shall make the offer to her father.'

'Rex, you've quite made up your mind then?'

'Quite.'

He was then about twenty-one, I believe, an ordinary nice clean-looking egotistical boy; and as I looked at his grimly set lips and exalted eyes, I realised that he was suffering from a disease which only time would cure.

'You'll come in and tell me how her father takes it, won't you?' I asked mildly, as he said good-bye. Of course he would. He did. He came the very next day, just as I was going out to get a half-dozen calls off my mind.

'Molly, dear,' he said, 'I don't want to interfere with your plans or keep you in, but if you could give me five minutes—'

I sat down on the oak chair in the hall, and he looked uncomfortably towards the drawing-room door.

'Oh, come in then'—I resigned myself as usual without a murmur. 'Did you make that wild and romantic offer to the parents?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Rex enthusiastically. 'Her mother jumped at it from the first, but her father was more careful. He wouldn't commit himself till I'd raised my offer to twenty pounds. Then he said that the child was the apple of his eye, and was this

Christian England where folks bought and sold their own for gold and silver ?'

'Did you say it was ?'

'I said I wasn't going to say whether it was Christian or not, as I wasn't qualified to make any reflection. And then her mother began to cry suddenly, and said Queenie had been her comfort and right hand from fifteen months old. She said human souls were not to be put up for auction in a free land, and that twenty pounds was an insulting offer. It was a trying afternoon. I wish you'd been there instead of me.'

'That is sweet of you,' I remarked meekly.

'You're so tactful and yet shrewd. I can't make a decent bargain about anything. Never could.'

'How did it end ?'

'They gave in at five-and-twenty,' he replied wearily. 'God knows when I shall pay my tailor now. And then the climax was reached when I suggested to Mother that she should take her in hand and form her after my scheme, when I've drawn it out. I've never seen my mother so roused. She was almost fierce, and Aunt May—I went round to *her* afterwards—Aunt May was simply insulting.'

'How selfish people are !' I murmured softly. But at heart my sympathies were certainly with his relations.

Rex looked at me with a thoughtful gleam in his eye.

'I suppose,' he began, 'you're very fond of me, Molly, aren't you ?'

'Oh, very,' I said hastily, 'but——'

'I suppose you wouldn't care to——'

'Not for worlds,' I cried, and he went disconsolately home. His mother called on me a week later to weep—almost to weep in my arms.

'He's told you, of course,' said she dismally.

'Yes,' said I, 'can't we lock him up till he changes his mind ?'

'He brought her to tea with me—I couldn't refuse everything the boy asked me. Miss Green, the girls' old governess—the one they never could get on with—*she's* taken her in and promised to carry out all Reggie's impossible plans. And he brought her to tea with me in a Liberty frock which must have cost him pounds, poor boy. White, with lovely Indian embroidery, and quite unsuitable in every way except mere beauty.'

'Is she as pretty as he says ?' I asked.

'Quite, only very foreign-looking. I believe her grandmother was a Hungarian gipsy by the look of her, and Reggie rather takes to the idea, only I wish she wouldn't put everything on her knees. Really, in that expensive frock——'

'Put everything on her knees?' I asked in bewilderment.

Mrs. O'Hanlon adjusted her smart toque.

'My dear, you've seen them at school-treats a hundred times. They take everything that's passed to them, for fear of missing anything, you know, and we couldn't understand how she got through the cakes so quickly till Elaine went behind her for something and saw what she'd got in her lap. Five éclairs, at least, and a cream bun—all oozing, you know, at the sides, and we had to sponge her frock afterwards. And after tea she stood up and sang a hymn for grace. We were all thunderstruck, but Reggie was charmed. She's got a sweet little pipe of a voice, but she wailed the words out in a most trying way, and then said, "Please can I go 'ome?" I am really sorry for Miss Green. She called us all "lidy."'

'But how can Reggie afford it?'

'He can't. His father had to pay his tailor only yesterday. He ought to insist upon the wretched boy sending the child home.'

'Rex is very stubborn,' I said thoughtfully. 'Do you know, I think I wouldn't oppose him in this at all.'

'Dear Molly, you are so clever, and you always understand.'

'I've known so many boys,' I said modestly, then added with unusual brilliance, 'I think, if I may say so, that if you give him his head here, he'll cut his own traces.'

Rex's mother looked puzzled.

'Cut his traces?' she asked uneasily.

'Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself, was what I really meant,' I amended smartly, but I must admit that I saw no reason to expect any such thing yet, and when he came to see me about it, I wasn't going to scold him. Sympathy was what he would soon want, even if he hardly realised it yet.

I went to see his sister a few days later, and found her in the pretty garden, picking dead violas off in much despair.

'Elaine,' I said quickly, 'you're worrying about something—what is it?'

'You've heard about this new craze of Reggie's?'

'Yes.'

'Molly, it's awful. He's laying up a black, black future for himself if he only knew.'

'Oh, cheer up,' said I, 'she may turn out the angel of his dreams after all, with Miss Green's influence and Rex's ideal programme—'

'Don't,' said Elaine, sitting down suddenly on the grass edging; 'she's unspeakable.'

'How? I didn't think she was a naughty little girl—'

'Naughty!' Elaine cried sharply, 'I wish she *was* naughty. There'd be some hope for her then. One can always improve people's manners and morals, Molly—'

'Oh, one can, can one?' I eyed her in surprise. 'Then what?'

'This dreadful child,' said she dolefully, 'has been brought up entirely in Sunday schools, and things of that sort. She's been reading awful little books about children who die young and forgive their parents on their death-beds, all her life. Her only remarks are copy-book precepts. She sings hymns at you if you look at her. I love hymns; those with the fine old tunes and fine old words, but she doesn't choose those! How would you like it if your visitor stood up suddenly in the middle of a sunny afternoon and insisted upon singing "'I should like to die," said Willie," or "Where is my boy to-night"?''

'Not much,' I admitted with frank horror. 'But it's very kind of you, Elaine, to have her here. Doesn't she like it very much—this lovely garden, and—'

'Like it!' said Elaine. 'She's taken it as a duty! She's trying to reform us. She says she's had a call. She thinks we're all lost souls because we only go to church in the mornings on Sunday, and none of us teach in the Sunday school.'

'My *dear* child!'

'Yes, Molly, it's quite true—really it is. She took mother's novel away from her on Sunday and brought out a grimy book called "Little Rays of Sunshine," with a sermon for every day of the week, and mother was so flabbergasted that she obediently read it—as far as Wednesday, she did really! Oh, it's awful.'

'But why do you worry about the girl?' I asked in surprise. 'It is absurd to take any notice of the whims of a boy like Rex. You've always spoilt him, but this really is above a joke.'

Elaine sighed.

'Joke!' she said, 'there's not much joke about Regina. But mother says that it's a mistake to crush all a boy's fine impulses.'

She says that we ought to reserve our blame for real evils. I never saw a realler one than Regina, but after the first fierce row, mother just succumbed like a lamb. And she says that the more we have the girl here and draw her out, the more Reggie won't be able to bear it.'

'There's something in that,' I murmured thoughtfully.

'Perhaps,' Elaine admitted doubtfully, 'but I should like to do it in a quicker way. Reggie must be a little disappointed because he told Miss Green that the child must look up to him as well as love and cling to him. And Regina asked him the other day if he didn't want to be saved!'

'Elaine!'

'You can't call that looking up, can you?'

'Not exactly,' said I, with a smile.

'The only thing I can think of is to make the child go back to her parents, but it's not as easy to manage as you'd suppose. Miss Green's our firm ally, and she makes Regina's lessons as dull as she possibly can, and I don't know anyone better able to do that, do you?'

'No, indeed,' said I fervently, with a stab of memory. I had shared Elaine's governess once. I sat down on the grass by Elaine's side and rested my elbows on my knees, plunged in thought.

'Have you thought of the child's parents?' I said at last.

Elaine stared.

'What do you mean?'

'Have you any money, Elaine?'

'Very little. Forty pounds in the bank. I'm saving up for my trousseau.'

'Nonsense! Your mother will have to give you a proper trousseau, especially if you spend your own money on Rex. Go and bribe the parents to steal Regina back. Your mother says they have gipsy blood. They'll easily manage it. Gipsies steal children and hens all day long, don't they?'

'Not when they're like Regina. Besides, Reggie would never forgive me. Now if *you* would do it, Molly dear.'

'I like that,' said I hotly, 'When there's anything disagreeable to be done—'

'But you've got so much tact, darling——' Elaine caressed my hand with an earthy little finger. I rose sharply, but she caught at my dress.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' she cried, 'I'll undermine Miss Green, and get her to leave a window or door open.'

'Tell her to lock up the silver, then——'

'And *you* see the relations——'

'I don't want to make an enemy of Rex for life.'

'He'll never know you did it. He won't know that any of us did it, Molly dearest; do, oh *do* do it.'

Of course I promised to do it, and then went home in a rage with myself for my weakness. It ended in my going unarmed and alone, with twenty sovereigns in gold in my purse, into Angel Meadow, and it took me an hour to find Rosemary Court. I was very nervous. The swarming children were so fiercely friendly, and people would keep throwing things suddenly out of upper windows. The squalid, sordid horror of the place filled me with contrition. I thought of Regina in her Liberty frock and shuddered for her future here. Was there no middle course? No nice, clean home where they would make a neat little servant to a neat little pattern of the poor child? But I had promised to do my best—and I did it—for five pounds. 'Dirt cheap,' as the father remarked, 'and him risking life and limb and liberty and spendin' money like water on railway fares to bring 'er 'ome.'

'Aren't you glad to get her back?' I demanded sternly.

He fidgeted a little. He knew what a good father ought to say, of course, but——

'She's a way of readin' tracks aloud to me an' 'er mother, an' spoils the little 'ome,' he said at last.

'I doubt Queenie won't come with her father,' the mother said, arranging her grimy and ragged apron to hide a large rent in her bodice.

'She went willingly then?'

Queenie's parents exchanged glances.

'She give us 'er blessing,' her mother remarked shortly, 'all round she give it, missin' none of 'em except 'er aunt, Mary Ellen, and she'd 'ad words with 'er on Friday about the way she spent 'er 'usband's wage when she got it. An' then she stood in the middle of the court, with 'er little 'ands behind 'er singing a hymn. What was it she sung, father?'

The father grunted.

'Summat like this it were,' he began in a singsong tone,

My old companions, fare yew well,
I will not go with yew to——

'It's a pity she's got to leave 'er good 'ome,' the mother interrupted hastily, 'she's wasted on Angel Meadow, Queenie is.'

I pointed out sadly that she was even more wasted on us. In Angel Meadow she had at least good opportunities; fair scope for her efforts. We settled the matter finally and parted with mutual esteem, and I went home and waited nervously for developments. In two days, however, I could bear it no longer, and went to call on Rex's mother and know the worst. I plunged as it happened right into the middle of everything I could most have wished to avoid. I found Rex standing in the middle of the room, white and indignant. Miss Green sat on the sofa weeping in the arms of his mother. They were both weeping. Elaine's eyes too were red, and I was greeted with a chill silence. Rex broke it.

'I'm glad to see you,' he said. 'A man learns to be glad of his friends when his mother and sister turn against him.'

'Dear Rex,' said I faintly, 'what—what has happened?'

'Queenie has been stolen. Cruelly, selfishly, wickedly stolen from me.'

'As if I'd steal a child!' his mother said with a sniff.

'As if anyone could want to steal Queenie,' Elaine cried viciously.

'You said you were glad,' Rex cried. 'When Miss Green came and told us the terrible news, you said you were thankful for it. Mother said so. Elaine said "Heaven be praised." Deny it if you can.'

No one denied anything.

'A little lonely lovely child,' Rex cried sentimentally, 'stolen away—to be lost, perhaps, in the slums; to starve and to die.'

'What could anyone do with Queenie if they did steal her?' Elaine asked sharply, 'unless they want to send her out as a missionary to China to be eaten.'

'In China,' said Miss Green with a sniff, 'the missionaries are not eaten. The burglars who carried off the child carried off also my Sèvres teapot and the plated muffineer which belonged to my aunt Rebecca. All the other valuables were locked up.'

I looked from one to the other. What could I say?

'The dream of my life is wrecked for ever,' said Rex tragically, plunging his hands in his pockets. I studied his injured face reflectively for some minutes.

'Let's advertise,' I suggested cheerfully, 'let's advertise with a reward. Don't give up hope yet, Rex!'

His face changed. I thought it fell a little, but I *must* have been mistaken.

'No good at all,' he said curtly.

'Oh, yes,' said I cheerfully. 'And have you notified the police?'

'The police are a set of thickheaded asses,' he remarked shortly.

'Not all of them,' I went on brightly. 'Sergeant Gay is very smart indeed. I'll call, if you like, on my way home.'

'You'll do nothing of the kind,' said Rex hastily. "I'll see 'em myself if I think it's any good. I don't at present.'

'Have bills posted all over the town,' I suggested with a side glance at Elaine. 'Inquire at all the railway stations.'

'Your suggestions are the most futile I have ever heard,' Rex was getting warm, and forgetting to be polite.

Elaine was visibly brightening.

'Rex, dear,' said I gently, 'I am full of sympathy, though I seem so heartless. To lose that dear, pretty, good little girl. So promising she was, too! Why not go straight to the child's home and inquire?'

Elaine gasped, but I was sure of him now.

'I'm hanged if I will!' he cried.

I rose and said good-bye, and Elaine squeezed my hand gratefully as she said good-bye. 'He's glad,' she whispered. 'Oh, Molly, he's glad too.'

I smiled. Rex let me out and apologised in the hall for his rudeness.

'The fact is,' he said shamefacedly, 'I wouldn't let mother and Elaine know it, but it's been rather a rel——'

'Rather a relentless blow,' I murmured wickedly, 'of course it has, Rex.'

He laughed and coloured.

'She's an awful little prig,' he said.

'She'd have made a better man of you, Rex, in no time,' I murmured softly.

'Molly,' he cried earnestly, 'I assure you that when Miss Green came in and told me that Queenie had cleared off with everything she could lay her hands on, I felt more thankful than I've ever felt in my life. My God, the thought of the future was growing too appalling. She was trying to reform me already.'

I said nothing, but watched with fascinated eyes the front door slowly opening.

Rex went on earnestly, for his back was towards the door. 'I came home, Molly, and sat down on the first chair and said to myself that it was too good to be true. "Thank God she's gone," I said.'

'Look at the front door,' said I softly. He wheeled smartly round with amazed, alarmed eyes.

In the doorway, clinging to the lintel, stood a little weary figure in a ragged red frock. There was no hat on her shaggy black head, and she paddled across the hall with dusty bare feet and caught Rex's hand with a sob.

'They come an' took me 'ome,' she said, 'an' tied an ankercher round my mouth so as I wouldn't yell. But I'm not going to stop along of them lost souls. I've walked every step of the way.'

Poor Rex looked wildly from her to me, then back again.

'I'm never goin' to leave you no more,' Regina said cheerfully, and we saw that she meant it.

DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

AT LARGE.¹

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

IX.

OPTIMISM.

WE Anglo-Saxons are mostly optimists at heart ; we love to have things comfortable, and to pretend that they are comfortable when they obviously are not. The brisk Anglo-Saxon, if he cannot reach the grapes, does not say that the grapes are sour, but protests that he does not really care about grapes. A story is told of a great English proconsul who desired to get a loan from the Treasury of the Government over which he practically, though not nominally, presided. He went to the Financial Secretary and said : 'Look here, T——, you must get me a loan for a business I have very much at heart.' The secretary whistled, and then said : 'Well, I will try ; but it is not the least use.' 'Oh, you will manage it somehow,' said the proconsul, 'and I may tell you confidentially it is absolutely essential.' The following morning the secretary came to report : 'I told you it was no use, sir, and it wasn't ; the Board would not hear of it.' 'Damnation !' said the proconsul, and went on writing. A week after he met the secretary, who felt a little shy. 'By the way, T——,' said the great man, 'I have been thinking over that matter of the loan, and it was a mercy you were not successful ; it would have been a hopeless precedent, and we are much better without it.'

That is the true Anglo-Saxon spirit of optimism. The most truly British person I know is a man who will move heaven and earth to secure a post or to compass an end ; but when he fails, as he does not often fail, he says genially that he is more thankful than he can say ; it would have been ruin to him if he had been successful. The same quality runs through our philosophy and our religion. Who but an Anglo-Saxon would have invented the robust theory, to account for the fact that prayers are often not granted, that prayers are always directly answered whether you

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attain your desire or not? The Greeks prayed that the gods would grant them what was good even if they did not desire it, and withhold what was evil even if they did desire it. The shrewd Roman said: 'The gods will give us what is most appropriate; man is dearer to them than to himself.' But the faithful Anglo-Saxon maintains that his prayer is none the less answered even if it be denied, and that it is made up to him in some roundabout way. It is inconceivable to the Anglo-Saxon that there may be a strain of sadness and melancholy in the very mind of God; he cannot understand that there can be any beauty in sorrow. To the Celt, sorrow itself is dear and beautiful, and the mournful wailing of winds, the tears of the lowering cloud, afford him sweet and even luxurious sensations. The memory of grief is one of the good things that remains to him, as life draws to its close; for love is to him the sister of grief rather than the mother of joy. But this is to the Anglo-Saxon mind a morbid thing. The hours in which sorrow has overclouded him are wasted, desolated hours, to be forgotten and obliterated as soon as possible. There is nothing sacred about them; they are sad and stony tracts over which he has made haste to cross, and the only use of them is to heighten the sense of security and joy. And thus the sort of sayings that satisfy and sustain the Anglo-Saxon mind are such irrepressible outbursts of poets as 'God's in His heaven; all's right with the world'—the latter part of which is flagrantly contradicted by experience; and, as for the former part, if it be true, it lends no comfort to the man who tries to find his God in the world. Again, when Browning says that the world 'means intensely and means good,' he is but pouring oil upon the darting flame of optimism, because there are many people to whom the world has no particular meaning, and few who can re-echo the statement that it means good. That some rich surprise, in spite of palpable and hourly experience to the contrary, may possibly await us, is the most that some of us dare to hope.

My own experience, the older I grow, and the more I see of life, is that I feel it to be a much more bewildering and even terrifying thing than I used to think it. To use a metaphor, instead of its being a patient educational process, which I would give all that I possessed to be able sincerely to believe it to be, it seems to me arranged far more upon the principle of a game of cricket—which I have always held to be, in theory, the most unjust and fortuitous of games. You step to the wicket, you have only a single chance;

the boldest and most patient man may make one mistake at the outset, and his innings is over ; the timid tremulous player may by undeserved good luck contrive to keep his wicket up, till his heart has got into the right place and his eye has wriggled straight, and he is set.

That is the first horrible fact about life—that carelessness is often not penalised at all, whereas sometimes it is instantly and fiercely penalised. One boy at school may break every law, human and divine, and go out into the world unblemished. Another timid and good-natured child may make a false step, and be sent off into life with a permanent cloud over him. School life often emphasises the injustice of the world instead of trying to counteract it. Schoolmasters tend to hustle the weak rather than to curb the strong.

And then we pass into the larger world, and what do we see ? A sad confusion everywhere. We see an innocent and beautiful girl struck down by a long and painful disease—a punishment perhaps appropriate to some robust and hoary sinner, who has gathered forbidden fruit with both his hands, and the juices of which go down to the skirts of his clothing ; or a brave and virtuous man, with a wife and children dependent on him, needed if ever man was, kind, beneficent, strong, is struck down out of life in a moment. On the other hand, we see a mean and cautious sinner, with no touch of unselfishness and affection, guarded and secured in material contentment. Let anyone run over in his mind the memories of his own circle, fill up the gaps, and ask himself bravely and frankly whether he can trace a wise and honest and beneficent design all through. He may try to console himself by saying that the disasters of good people, after all, are the exceptions, and that, as a rule, courage and purity of heart are rewarded, while cowardice and filthiness are punished. But what room is there for exceptions in a world governed by a God Whom we must believe to be all-powerful, all-just, and all-loving ? It is the wilful sin of man, says the moralist, that has brought these hard things upon him. But that is no answer, for the dark shadow lies as sombrely over irresponsible nature, which groans over undeserved suffering. And then, to make the shadow darker still, we have all the same love of life, the same inalienable sense of our right to happiness, the same inheritance of love. If we could but see that in the end pain and loss would be blest, there is nothing that we would not gladly bear. Yet that sight, too, is denied us.

And yet we live, and laugh, and hope, and forget. We take our fill of tranquil days and pleasant companies, though for some of us the thought that it is all passing, passing even while we lean towards it smiling, touches the very sunlight with pain. 'How morbid, how self-tormenting!' says the prudent friend, if such thoughts escape us. 'Why not enjoy the delight and bear the pain? That is life; we cannot alter it.' But not on such terms can I, for one, live. To know, to have some assurance—that is the one and only thing that matters at all. For if I once believed that God were careless, or indifferent, or impotent, I would fly from life as an accursed thing; whereas I would give all the peace, and joy, and contentment, that may yet await me upon earth, and take up cheerfully the heaviest burden that could be devised of darkness and pain, if I could be sure of an after-life that will give us all the unclouded serenity, and strength, and love, for which we crave every moment. Sometimes, in a time of strength and calm weather, when the sun is bright and the friend I love is with me, and the scent of the hyacinths blows from the wood, I have no doubt of the love and tenderness of God; and, again, when I wake in the dreadful dawn to the sharp horror of the thought that one I love is suffering and crying out in pain and drifting on to death, the beauty of the world, the familiar scene, is full of a hateful and atrocious insolence of grace and sweetness; and then I feel that we are all perhaps in the grip of some relentless and inscrutable law that has no care for our happiness or peace at all, and works blindly and furiously in the darkness, bespattering some with woe and others with joy. Those are the blackest and most horrible moments of life; and yet even so we live on.

As I write at my ease I see the velvety grass green on the rich pasture; the tall spires of the chestnut perch, and poise, and sway in the sun; a thrush sings hidden in the orchard; it is all caressingly, enchantingly beautiful, and I am well content to be alive. Looking backwards, I discern that I have had my share, and more than my share, of good things. But they are over; they are mine no longer. And even as I think the thought, the old church clock across the fields tells out another hour that is fallen softly into the glimmering past. If I could discern any strength or patience won from hours of pain and sorrow it would be easier; but the memory of pain makes me dread pain the more, the thought of past sorrow makes future sorrow still more black. I would rather have strength than tranquillity, when all is done; but life has

rather taught me my weakness, and struck the garland out of my reluctant hand.

To-day I have been riding quietly among fields deep with buttercups and fringed by clear, slow streams. The trees are in full spring leaf, only the oaks and walnuts a little belated, unfurling their rusty-red fronds. A waft of rich scent comes from a hawthorn-hedge where a hidden cuckoo flutes, or just where the lane turns by the old water-mill, which throbs and grumbles with the moving gear, a great lilac-bush leans out of a garden and fills the air with perfume. Yet, as I go, I am filled with a heavy anxiety, which plays with my sick heart as a cat plays with a mouse, letting it run a little in the sun and then pouncing upon it in terror and dismay. The beautiful sounds and sights round me—the sight of the quiet, leisurely people I meet—ought, one would think, to soothe and calm the unquiet heart. But they do not; they rather seem to mock and flout me with a savage insolence of indifferent welfare. My thoughts go back, I do not know why, to an old house where I spent many happy days, now in the hands of strangers. I remember sitting, one of a silent and happy party, on a terrace in the dusk of a warm summer night, and how one of those present called to the owls that were hooting in the hanging wood above the house, so that they drew near in answer to the call, flying noiselessly and suddenly uttering their plaintive notes from the heart of the great chestnut on the lawn. Below I can see the dewy glimmering fields, the lights of the little port, the pale sea-line. It seems now all impossibly beautiful and tranquil; but I know that even then it was often marred by disappointments, and troubles, and fears. Little anxieties that have all melted softly into the past, that were easily enough borne, when it came to the point, yet, looming up as they did in the future, filled the days with the shadow of fear. That is the phantom that one ought to lay, if it can be laid. And is there hidden somewhere any well of healing, any pure source of strength and refreshment from which we can drink and be calm and brave? That is a question which each has to answer for himself. For myself, I can only say that strength was sometimes given, sometimes denied. How foolish to be anxious! Yes, but how inevitable! If the beauty and the joy of the world gave one assurance in dark hours that all was certainly well, the pilgrimage would be an easy one. But can one be optimistic by resolving to be? One can of course control oneself, one can let no murmur of

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pain escape one, one can even enunciate deep and courageous maxims, because one would not trouble the peace of others, waiting patiently till the golden mood returns. But what if the desolate conviction forces itself upon the mind that sorrow is the truer thing? What if one tests one's own experience, and sees that, under the pressure of sorrow, one after another of the world's lights are extinguished, health, and peace, and beauty, and delight, till one asks oneself whether sorrow is not perhaps the truest and most actual thing of all? That is the ghastliest of moments when everything drops from us but fear and horror, when we think that we have indeed found truth at last, and that the answer to Pilate's bitter question is that pain is the nearest thing to truth because it is the strongest. If I felt that, says the reluctant heart, I should abandon myself to despair. No, says sterner reason, you would bear it, because you cannot escape from it. Into whatever depths of despair you fell, you would still be upheld by the law that bids you be.

Where, then, is the hope to be found? It is here. One is tempted to think of God through human analogies and symbols. We think of Him as of a potter moulding the clay to his will; as of a statesman that sways a state; as of an artist that traces a fair design. But all similitudes and comparisons break down, for no man can make anything; he can but modify matter to his ends, and when he fails, it is because of some natural law that cuts across his design and thwarts him relentlessly. But the essence of God's omnipotence is that both law and matter are His and originate from Him; so that, if a single fibre of what we know to be evil can be found in the world, either God is responsible for that, or He is dealing with something He did not originate and cannot overcome. Nothing can extricate us from this dilemma, except the belief that what we think evil is not really evil at all, but hidden good; and thus we have firm ground under our feet at last, and can begin to climb out of the abyss. And then we feel in our own hearts how indomitable is our sense of our right to happiness, how unconquerable our hope; how swiftly we forget unhappiness; how firmly we remember joy; and then we see that the one absolutely permanent and vital power in the world is the power of love, which wins victories over every evil we can name; and if it is so plain that love is the one essential and triumphant force in the world, it must be the very heartbeat of God; till we feel that when soon or late the day comes for us when our swimming eyes discern ever more faintly the awestruck pitying faces round us, and the senses give up their

powers one by one, and the tides of death creep on us, and the daylight dies—that even so we shall find that love awaiting us in the region to which the noblest and bravest and purest, as well as the vilest and most timid and most soiled have gone.

This, then, is the only optimism that is worth the name; not the feeble optimism that brushes away the darker side of life impatiently and fretfully, but the optimism that dares to look boldly into the fiercest miseries of the human spirit, and to come back, as Perseus came, pale and smoke-stained, from the dim underworld, and say that there is yet hope brightening on the verge of the gloom.

What one desires, then, is an optimism which arises from taking a wide view of things as they are, and taking the worst side into account, not an optimism which is only made possible by wearing blinkers. I was reading a day or two ago a suggestive and brilliant book by one of our most prolific critics, Mr. Chesterton, on the subject of Dickens. Mr. Chesterton is of opinion that our modern tendency to pessimism results from our inveterate realism. Contrasting modern fictions with the old heroic stories, he says that we take some indecisive clerk for the subject of a story, and call the weak-kneed cad 'the hero.' He seems to think that we ought to take a larger and more robust view of human possibilities, and keep our eyes more steadily fixed upon more vigorous and generous characters. But the result of this is the ugly and unphilosophical kind of optimism after all, that calls upon God to despise the work of His own hands, that turns upon all that is feeble and unsightly and vulgar with anger and disdain, like the man in the parable who took advantage of his being forgiven a great debt to exact a tiny one. The tragedy is that the knock-kneed clerk is all in all to himself. In clear-sighted and imaginative moments he may realise in a sudden flash of horrible insight that he is so far from being what he would desire to be, so unheroic, so loosely strung, so deplorable—and yet that he can do so little to bridge the gap. The only method of manufacturing heroes is to encourage people to believe in themselves and their possibilities, to assure them that they are indeed dear to God; not to reveal relentlessly to them their essential lowness and shabbiness. It is not the clerk's fault that his mind is sordid and weak, and that his knees knock together; and no optimism is worth the name that has not a glorious message for the vilest. Or, again, it is possible to arrive at a working optimism by taking a very dismal view of everything. There is a story of an old Calvinist minister whose

daughter lay dying, far away, of a painful disease, who wrote her a letter of consolation, closing with the words 'Remember, dear daughter, that all short of Hell is mercy.' Of course if one can take so richly decisive a view of the Creator's purpose for his creatures, and look upon Hell as the normal destination from which a few, by the overpowering condescension of God, are saved and separated, one might find matter of joy in discovering one soul in a thousand who was judged worthy of salvation. But this again is a clouded view, because it takes no account of the profound and universal preference for happiness in the human heart, and erects the horrible ideal of a Creator who deliberately condemns the vast mass of His creatures to a fate which He has no less deliberately created them to abhor and dread.

Our main temptation after all lies in the fact that we are so impatient of any delay or any uneasiness. We are like the child who, when first confronted with suffering, cannot bear to believe in its existence, and who, if it is prolonged, cannot believe in the existence of anything else. What we have rather to do is to face the problem strongly and courageously, to take into account the worst and feeblest possibilities of our nature, and yet not to overlook the fact that the worst and lowest specimen of humanity has a dim inkling of something higher and happier, to which he would attain if he knew how.

I had a little object-lesson a few days ago in the subject. It was a Bank Holiday, and I walked pensively about the outskirts of a big town. The streets were crowded with people of all sorts and sizes. I confess that a profound melancholy was induced in me by the spectacle of the young of both sexes. They were enjoying themselves, it is true, with all their might; and I could not help wondering why, as a rule, they should enjoy themselves so offensively. The girls walked about, tittering and ogling, the young men were noisy, selfish, ill-mannered, enjoying nothing so much as the discomfiture of any passer by. They pushed each other into ditches, they tripped up a friend who passed on a bicycle, and all roared in concert at the rueful way in which he surveyed a muddy coat and torn trousers. There seemed to be not the slightest idea among them of contributing to each other's pleasure. The point was to be amused at the expense of another, and to be securely obstreperous.

But among these there were lovers walking, faint and pale with mutual admiration; a young couple led along a hideous over-dressed

child, and had no eyes for anything except its clumsy movements and fatuous questions. Or an elderly couple strolled along, pleased and contented, with a married son and daughter. The cure of the vile mirth of youth seemed after all to be love and the anxious care of other lives.

And thus indeed a gentle optimism did emerge, after all, from the tangle. I felt that it was strange that there should be so much to breed dissatisfaction. I struck out of the town, and soon was passing a mill in broad water-meadows, overhung by great elms; the grass was golden with buttercups, the foliage was rich upon the trees. The water bubbled pleasantly in the great pool, and an old house thrust a pretty gable out over lilacs clubbed with purple bloom. The beauty of the place was put to my lips, like a cup of the waters of comfort. The sadness was the drift of human life out of sweet places such as this, into the town that overflowed the meadows with its rows of mean houses, where the railway station, with its rows of stained trucks, its cindery floor, its smoking engines, buzzed and roared with life.

But the pessimism of one who sees the simple life fading out, the ancient quietude invaded, the country caught in the feelers of the town, is not a real pessimism at all, or rather it is a pessimism which results from a deficiency of imagination, and is only a matter of personal taste, perhaps of personal belatedness. Twelve generations of my own family lived and died as Yorkshire yeoman-farmers, and my own preference is probably a matter of instinctive inheritance. The point is not what a few philosophers happen to like, but what humanity likes, and what it is happiest in liking. I should have but small confidence in the Power that rules the world, if I did not believe that the vast social development of Europe, its civilisation, its network of communications, its bustle, its tenser living, its love of social excitement was not all part of a great design. I do not believe that humanity is perversely astray, hurrying to destruction. I believe rather that it is working out the possibilities that lie within it; and if human beings had been framed to live quiet pastoral lives, they would be living them still. The one question for the would-be optimist is whether humanity is growing nobler, wiser, more unselfish; and of that I have no doubt whatever. The sense of equality, of the rights of the weak, compassion, brotherliness, benevolence are living ideas, throbbing with life; the growth of the power of democracy, much as it may tend to inconvenience one personally, is an entirely hopeful and desirable

thing; and if a man is disposed to pessimism, he ought to ask himself seriously to what extent his pessimism is conditioned by his own individual prospect of happiness. It is quite possible to conceive of a man without any hope of personal immortality, or the continuance of individual identity, whose future might be clouded, say, by his being the victim of a painful and incurable disease, and who yet might be a thoroughgoing optimist with regard to the future of humanity. Nothing in the world could be so indicative of the rise in the moral and emotional temperature of the world as the fact that men are increasingly disposed to sacrifice their own ambitions and their own comfort for the sake of others, and are willing to suffer, if the happiness of the race may be increased; and much of the pessimism that prevails is the pessimism of egotists and individualists, who feel no interest in the rising tide, because it does not promise to themselves any increase in personal satisfaction. No man can possibly hold the continuance of personal identity to be an indisputable fact, because there is nothing in the way of direct evidence on the subject, and indeed all the evidence that exists is rather against the belief than for it. The belief is in reality based upon nothing but instinct and desire, and the impossibility of conceiving of life as existing apart from one's own perception. But even if a man does not believe it as in any sense a certainty, he may cherish a hope that it is true, and he may be generously and sincerely grateful for having been allowed to taste, through the medium of personal consciousness, the marvellous experience of the beauty and interest of life, its emotions, its relationships, its infinite yearnings, even though the curtain may descend upon his own consciousness of it, and he himself may become as though he had never been, his vitality blended afresh in the vitality of the world, just as the body of his life, so near to him, so seemingly his own, will undoubtedly be fused and blent afresh in the sum of matter. A man, even though racked with pain and tortured with anxiety, may deliberately and resolutely throw himself into sympathy with the mighty will of God, and cherish this noble and awe-inspiring thought—the thought of the onward march of humanity; righting wrongs, amending errors, fighting patiently against pain and evil, until perhaps, far off and incredibly remote, our successors and descendants, linked indeed with us in body and soul alike, may enjoy that peace and tranquillity, that harmony of soul, which we ourselves can only momentarily and transitorily obtain.

CATHERINE'S CHILD.¹

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE red cliffs, crowned with slopes and hillocks of daisied grass, stood out against blue sky and bluer sea. Below them the foaming waters surged round masses of soft crumbling shale, shining black and gold and green, with wet seaweed. In the calm distance a little fishing-boat sailed away towards the horizon. The cliffs sloped away into miles of sandy down, patched with golden gorse, here and there bearing rank, coarse, dry grasses to the very edge of the salt water.

On the shore, between the pointed rocks, tiny wild creatures of the deep sported in a fool's paradise of clear quiet pools, unmindful of the arid desolation that would presently overtake them with the ebbing of the tide.

'All this within reach of our doors, and we have never come here before. The very minute I grow up, I will have a motor of my own,' cried Philippa. 'What a splendid idea of Mr. Ralt's to have a picnic!'

She was leaning against the rocks, and the fresh sea-wind deepened her beautiful colour and brightened her clear eyes, fluttering her blue serge skirt about her white feet, which were balancing on the side of one of the little pools and lapped by the miniature wavelets which blew across its surface.

On the top of the rock beside her a little figure was perched; Lily Chilcott, held tightly by her uncle's strong arm.

'David is quite silly about children,' said Miss Clara, who spoke habitually in the voice of a reproving schoolmistress. 'Look at him down there among those nasty shiny slippery rocks. He will certainly let Lily get wet and ruin her frock. I think I will call her back.'

'You may call till you are black in the face,' said Mrs. Ralt,

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jovially, 'but you will never get them to hear you. The wind is blowing inland.'

'They might see me,' said the persevering aunt; and she waved her large arms authoritatively, executing strange antics on the edge of the cliff.

'I wish she would fall over,' growled Lord John *sotto voce* to Lady Grace, who had discovered a square yard of shade beneath a furze bush, and was politely sharing it with him.

'So do I,' said Lady Grace, with unusual animation. 'Does she ever leave anyone alone?'

'Never, so far as I can see. She is a perpetual joy to me. I shall feel quite lonely without her when I get back to town.'

'Take her with you,' suggested Lady Grace.

'One would never have a dull moment,' he said, tipping his straw hat over his face. 'Listen to her. She's off again.'

'I really think, Catherine, that Philippa is rather old to take her shoes and stockings off and paddle,' Miss Chilcott was saying, in a shocked voice.

'I hope she won't catch cold,' was Catherine's only reply.

'It is not *that* I was thinking of,' said Clara, unaware of Lord John's delighted chuckle. 'It is all very well for quite little children; but I think even Lily is getting rather old,—and Philippa! Why she is nearly as tall as I am. There! I am certain that David saw me then.' She redoubled her gesticulations. 'How tiresome he is; he is turning Lily round and making them both look out to sea. That is just like David. I suppose he is afraid that we want him to make himself useful unpacking the lunch.'

'There are plenty of us to do that, for we have only one basket with us, and I believe that is full of crockery,' said Mr. Ralt. 'However, lunch would be no use without liquor, and Augusta is bringing the wine-hampers and the rest of the things.'

'She must surely be due. We have been here two hours,' said a discontented voice.

'She is overdue. We calculated that by sending the carriage over night to Morecot, and catching the ten o'clock train from Ilverton this morning, she would be here only an hour later than we were,' cried Mr. Ralt, who had planned the whole expedition, provided two motors to convey the majority of the party, and was now under the impression that they were all thoroughly enjoying themselves.

'I shall mutiny if this patch of shade gets any smaller. I see

signs of its shrinking,' growled Lord John. 'Why should we get sunstroke to please Ralt?'

'I can't think why,' said Lady Grace, calmly. 'He is the kind of man who always contrives to do things with the maximum of discomfort.'

'He has been asking me to go and stay with him in the North. He assures me they often take this sort of trip there,' said Lord John, grimly. 'I could hardly disguise my pleasure at the proposal.'

'He has asked me, and I am going.'

'Not really!'

'I would stay with my own washerwoman if she lived in the country and asked me—to save the expense of my flat. Every little helps,' said Lady Grace, laconically. 'You know how I loathe London.'

'Everyone does in theory, but in practice one can't keep away from it.'

'I keep away from it nine months of the year, but I couldn't if I sorted out my invitations too carefully,' said Lady Grace.

'Here is Thomas. Bless me! I hope there hasn't been an accident,' said Miss Dulcinea, in alarmed tones.

But the servant was only charged with a message to say her ladyship thought the cliffs would be too hot, and would the party kindly join her in the shade of the rocks on the beach below, where lunch was being laid.

'The first sensible suggestion that has yet been made,' said Lord John, rising with great alacrity.

'But this was so convenient for the motors. There is only a footway down the rocks,' expostulated the disappointed Mr. Ralt.

'There is a road round, sir, which joins the one her ladyship took from Morecot.'

'It must be a deuce of a way round—and a very bad road.'

But the rest of the party unconcernedly left Mr. Ralt to settle the question of servants and motors as best he could.

'One expects to be either grilled, or frozen, or drenched to the skin at a picnic,' said Lord John, assisting his neighbour to rise; 'but why one should pretend to enjoy it, I don't know.'

'Well, you needn't pretend to enjoy it with me,' said Lady Grace.

Miss Dulcinea stumbled down the steep pathway aided by Catherine and the stalwart Blanche; and Clara tripped behind,

consoling herself with the reflection that she could now rescue Lily from the evil influence of her Uncle David.

They found Augusta enthroned, in the utmost coolness and comfort, upon the dry bed of sand and rocks in the deep shadow of the cliffs, issuing calm directions to flushed and heated footmen, who were spreading forth a banquet of cold quail and salmon and cutlets and a variety of chaudfroids, among crystal jugs of iced champagne and cider and claret cup, and bowls of salad and strawberries and frozen cream.

Lord John flew to her side, and congratulated her with the warmth of sincerity upon her talent for organisation, drawing a vivid picture of the discomfort from which she had rescued her guests.

'When I heard Bob talking last night of the fine camping ground on the top of the cliffs, I made up my mind it would be a glaring exposed place, quite unfit for luncheon,' said Augusta, with great composure. 'But I said nothing, because he is always so noisy and tiresome, and brings forward time-tables and things, and argues until one is quite worn out; so I just say "Yes" to everything he suggests, and don't do it.'

'You are really marvellous,' said Lord John, with cordial admiration.

'Of course, at the last moment Lady Sarah didn't come,' continued Augusta, bestowing a complacent smile upon Lord John. 'How she could ever have contemplated it at her age, I don't know, but she did. So I came alone, as Cecil thought he ought to stay with her; he was glad of the excuse, for he hates picnics like everybody else. George Chilcott followed in his dogcart, and we both felt quite sorry for you racing along in the dust. But Bob made Grace promise to go with him.'

She glanced reproachfully at her bosom friend; but Lady Grace's eyes were turned away and she was looking thoughtfully out to sea, where the tall figures of David Moore and George Chilcott were outlined darkly against the dazzling glory of the waters, and between them a little light form—Lily—capering joyfully on the wet sands.

Philippa, left alone in a corner of the rocks, was hastily replacing her discarded shoes and stockings, and tying up her rebellious tresses; she had just become aware of the advent of Augusta and the luncheon. Presently she came swiftly across the sands, and took the coveted place beside her idol.

'Oh, Cousin Augusta! How beautifully cool and fresh you look! We have had such a heavenly time. But I'm afraid I'm rather untidy,' said Philippa, with a hasty endeavour to smooth her splashed and sandy skirt. 'But do what I would, I could never look like you, so what does it matter?'

'Philippa! What a state you are in,' exclaimed Clara, as Miss Dulcinea was deposited, panting, at the foot of the cliff, by the tired Catherine and the vigorous Mrs. Ralt. 'Really, a girl of your age should know better than to get herself into such a mess.'

'You should see Lily,' said Philippa, mischievously. 'She's simply drenched. No, no, I don't mean really,' in alarm. 'Cousin David took off her frock and spread it in the sun to dry. It's only a little sea-water.'

'Took off her frock!' gasped Clara. 'Do you mean she is now paddling—in her petticoat.'

'To be sure, she is; but Cousin George doesn't mind.'

'Do leave them alone, Clara,' said Catherine's gentle voice, but to no purpose.

The exhausted but heroic aunt was already almost out of hearing, climbing over slippery rocks and toiling through heavy sand to reach the delinquent.

'Here comes Clara. Now we shall catch it,' said honest George, apprehensively.

'My frock! My frock!' giggled little Lily, but her frail fingers grasped her uncle's solid brown hand convulsively.

'Come on,' said David. 'We'll race her.'

He picked up the frock, huddled it on to his small niece as best he could, swung her on to his shoulder, and made for the luncheon-party, who watched the chase and its result sympathetically.

'Give her to me,' said Lady Grace, 'and put her between us. Now you're safe, Lily, I'll button your frock, and Uncle David will give you some chicken.'

The child looked up curiously into the calm high-bred face.

'It's rather wet underneath,' she said, confidentially; 'but Aunt Clara won't never know if you don't tell.'

'You wicked little creature,' said Lady Grace, and, moved by the appealing expression of the great black eyes and pale elfin face, she suddenly stooped and kissed Lily.

'It can't hurt her, can it? It's only sea-water,' she said, looking round appealingly.

'Nothing could hurt anybody in this heat,' said Augusta, decidedly.

Clara presently took her place at the feast in a subdued condition, very unlike the mood of virtuous indignation which had previously possessed her.

George, who was annoyed with himself for being afraid of his sister's reproaches, had given vent to his annoyance with unusual vigour.

'I tell you what, Clara, if you hunt that poor little beggar away from David every time they're enjoying themselves together, I'll let him take her away with him altogether as he wishes, and see if he can't make her happier than we do.'

He had not meant to tell Clara of David's proposition, any more than he meant to comply with it; but he used the threat that came uppermost.

'Let David take her away!' repeated Clara, stunned.

'Well, see to it that you leave them alone, then,' thundered George, and he turned on his heel and tramped heavily over the sand beside his cowed and astonished relative, in time to see Lady Grace stoop protectingly over Lily's little dark head.

His face softened; but towards his sister there was no relenting, so that Miss Chilcott, to the surprise of the culprit, made no comment upon the audacity of Lily's behaviour, but ate her luncheon in stony silence.

As soon as the feast was over—and it was certainly prolonged almost unduly—Augusta's one object was to rest herself thoroughly until it should be time for tea. Her ideal of a pleasant afternoon corresponded so closely with that of Lord John, that they were presently to be perceived dozing gently in adjacent corners, chosen with a view to shelter from wind and sun.

The indefatigable Mr. Ralt managed to hire a boat, and having invited everyone else in turn to go with him in vain, was at length obliged to content himself with Clara's company, and departed with chastened enthusiasm.

'Has he gone? How very restful!' murmured Augusta, opening one eye, and closing it again.

Philippa perceived that her divinity was in no mood for conversation, so she put her dignity in her pocket and assisted Lily and her uncle to make castles in the sand.

Miss Dulcinea looked on in delight from her distant perch among the rocks, with Catherine by her side.

'After all, Philippa is only a child at heart,' she said. 'She is quite as happy as Lily. Look at her.'

Catherine looked, and shook her head.

'She will not come back from London a child.'

The triumph faded from poor Miss Dulcinea's simple face, and Catherine repented.

'Never mind, Auntie. It is natural. As they say, I cannot keep her for ever, and she looks so bright and happy now—so different from the look she sometimes wears at home—that it is clear the poor child needs a little pleasure and novelty and companionship. I have shut her up too much. Perhaps the life at Shepherd's Rest is really too quiet for a young thing.'

'Perhaps it is, my darling,' said old Miss Dulcinea. 'I have often thought how young *you* were when you settled down there, and wondered whether it were quite right—or wholesome—that you should have hidden yourself away from the world so much—all these years?'

Catherine felt a little pang at her heart. She had asked herself this question not a few times lately.

The faint misgivings which had assailed her during the past months of Philippa's ever-increasing unrest and discontent had resolved themselves into a very distinct and depressing doubt since David Moore's return.

Had she been morbid and cowardly—devoting her thoughts and consecrating her existence rather to the dead than to the living? She questioned her own motives and conduct sadly enough. Was it too late to start afresh—to reconstruct her life—to begin again?

Not for George, it seemed, because he was a man, and must live a man's life and do a man's work. Not for David—whose future held a thousand possibilities; whose career, in a manner, was but just begun. But for her—though she was, as she somewhat wistfully reflected, in actual years younger than either of these two—oh, surely, for her it was too late. What could be left for her but to go quietly on to the end in the little round of duties she had created for herself? She had put in order and beautified a corner, though but an infinitesimal corner, of the universe, and was attached to it by a thousand threads of habit, responsibility, and association. She was the humble Providence of a few humble lives. Had she indeed been useless in her generation? Her heart—her consciousness of pure intention—cried out No; but her judgment faltered and hesitated.

Turning in her perplexity to look at Miss Dulcinea, the question lost itself in a smile, for the soft wrinkled eyelids had closed over the tender faded blue eyes, and her aunt was slumbering peacefully, nodding forward as she sat.

No problems long disturbed Miss Dulcinea's serene mind, calm with the repose of settled convictions.

Catherine rose noiselessly and moved away, climbing cautiously over the rocks until she reached the firm stretch of sand beyond.

The tide was now out so far that the sea looked a great way off.

She wandered down to the edge of the glittering water, and stood shading her brow with her hand, looking across it into the mist of distance, until her eyes were dazzled. Then she walked quietly along the strip of wet sand next the sea.

The sea always reminded her of her long childhood at Calais ; and the girl she had been then was much more real in Catherine's consciousness than the woman she was now ; for she was of those whose hearts remain young, and she was often aware of a half-amused, half-shamed sensation of alarm lest it might be some day discovered—in spite of her middle-aged face and figure—that she had never really grown up at all.

As in a vision she saw the girl she had once been—a maiden with fresh complexion, short curly hair and bright eyes, shockingly dressed in a faded red velvet cap and a brown ulster turned green with age—hurrying up and down the deserted sands at Calais, in the chill March wind, crying her heart out because she was in love and desolate, without hope, without friends. Poor little thing ! Catherine looked back upon her with some pity and more awe. She had been so very young, so very innocent, so very certain that the happiness of her whole life was bound up in that pure and childish passion for the man she had seen but once, and knew not at all. So ready—wilfully, woefully ready—to sacrifice anything—to lay down her life for a dream—a fancy. Poor little Catherine ! And after all the wildest of her hopes had come to pass ; she had married the hero. . . .

Now it was no longer the girl Catherine Carey—the little nobody from Calais—who was walking by the edge of the sea, but Catherine Adelstane, a woman alone, in a grave grey gown that somehow typified her quiet existence. A woman not given to weeping, nor to wild and frenzied wishes ; but possessed of a nature tranquillised and contented by the passing of peaceful years. A woman who was even—the colour rose in Catherine's soft face, as

though she were half-ashamed of the fact she could not deny—lighthearted, were it not for the one great anxiety that beset her.

A woman who only asked—it is the pathetic prayer of middle-age—to be allowed to work in peace a little while longer for the happiness of others. This was what she had become. A resigned and gentle Catherine, but yet a Catherine from whose wistful eyes the laugh was never very far distant after all.

When Lord John Trelleck learnt that the pair of grey horses would take nearly three hours to make the journey home to Welwysbere, he elected to return thither by Mr. Ralt's motor, which would cover the distance in about forty minutes; and since Lady Grace accepted George Chilcott's invitation to be driven home in his dogcart with little Lily, Augusta invited Catherine to occupy the vacant seat in the barouche.

For the first few miles of their journey the road skirted the sea, and the great rolling hillocks of sands, with the yellow gorse blazing in the low sunshine; then they left the sea behind, and the wind-tossed pines and open downs of coarse grass changed to the familiar stunted oak and Devon hedgerow; the soil grew rich and red, the long shadows fell from the elms across the fine green turf of the well-stocked meadows; the brown roofs and white walls of prosperous homesteads rose amid armies of thatched ricks and stacks and leafy orchards. They drove over miles of shaded highways, and through sunken lanes, in the cool and pleasant twilight of the long June day.

'I have wanted to talk to you for ages, Catherine,' said Augusta, vaguely, 'but you know how we are always interrupted. It is very good of you to let Philippa come with us to town. Cecil is delighted to have her, and so am I. You know we are quite as fond of her as if she had been our own.'

'You are very kind to her,' said Catherine.

'And you are sure you like her to come?' Augusta asked.

'I can't quite say that, Augusta. I have never parted with her before, and she is all I have in the world; but she wishes to go, and—and you will take care of her?' Catherine's voice grew appealing.

'Of course I will take care of her,' said Augusta, with dignity, 'and it's all very well for you to talk of her being all you have in the world, but look at me, with neither chick nor child. I shouldn't talk of being lonely if I had a pretty daughter, I can tell you,

though naturally in my position I would rather have a son. Of course you will say I have Cecil.' Augusta had a habit which exasperated Catherine of attributing unlikely remarks to her, and then pointing out their futility. 'But, after all, what is a man? Devoted as we have always been, I have never even pretended that Cecil understood me. I don't think you ought to grudge Philippa to me for a few weeks, Catherine, I don't indeed.'

'Perhaps not,' said Catherine.

'And when you own yourself she wishes it so much. I can't help being touched at her fondness for me,' said Augusta. 'It is quite pathetic the way she follows me about! I don't know what she sees in me, I'm sure.'

Catherine was sorely tempted to reply that she did not know either, but she refrained, and merely observed:

'She is at the age when girls take violent fancies to people. She has certainly taken a violent fancy to you.'

'Well, I can tell you it is very much to her advantage if she has,' said Augusta, pompously. 'Though I should have looked upon her, in any case, being Cecil's heiress, as she is, like a child of my own. But I naturally take more interest in a girl who really, I may say, almost *worships* me,' said Augusta, with modest triumph, 'than I should to another. And you know, Catherine, as I have told you before, I mean to leave my money to Philippa if she *does* inherit the Abbey.'

'It is very kind of you to say so, Augusta, but please do not talk of such things. Philippa will have plenty, more than is good for her, I am afraid.'

'Indeed, she won't; the Abbey is a frightfully expensive place to keep up. I am always urging Cecil to let it; but you know how obstinate he is. If she is to live there as he wishes, she will need far more money than he can leave her. And I quite disagree with Blanche, who is all for hunting out poor relations of papa's whom we have never even heard of, to inherit her money, and wants me to do the same.'

'It would surely be just.'

'Not at all. Why should it be just? Poor dear papa made his own money, and his family had nothing to do with it. I told Blanche that I meant to make a new will directly I went back to town and leave everything to Philippa, and she was as much annoyed as if she expected to outlive me and inherit my money herself. People are such dogs in the manger. As I told her, it is far more likely

to be the other way about, racing about in motors all over Europe as she does. Every day I expect to hear she has been killed, or at least maimed for life,' said Augusta, with perfect calm.

'I hope you will not tell Philippa of your intentions : a thousand things might happen to make you change your mind. Though I am none the less grateful to you for the kind thought.'

'I haven't exactly told her,' said Augusta, rather guiltily. 'I may have let slip that she will get my pearls one of these days ; perhaps I shall give her some when she marries. And that reminds me, Catherine, that you need not be afraid I shall let her meet the wrong kind of man.'

'I hope you will not let her meet any men at all,' cried Catherine, 'she is only a child. And you promised you would not let her be considered as *come out* in any way.'

'Of course not,' said Augusta. 'Still, if she sees *anyone*, it is important, even at sixteen, that they should be the right people. I am not like Blanche, who cares nothing at all who people are, so long as she likes them. I say what does it matter if one likes them or not so long as they are all right ? I shall get up boy and girl parties for Philippa, and I have thought of three boys who would be excellent matches for her, if they *should* happen—one never can tell, you know—and she is very pretty.'

'Dear Augusta, pray do not put such things into her head or into mine, or you will frighten me out of letting her go after all,' cried Catherine in distress. 'It will be quite excitement enough for Philippa to be taken to the Opera, or a theatre or two, and to drive in the Park with you. The rest of her time she will be quite happy with Roper, since you are so kind as to let me send Roper with her.'

'But I hope you will trust me to get her clothes,' said Augusta. 'Roper must be quite out of date. I can assure you,' earnestly, 'I will take as much pains to dress her as I do myself.'

Catherine's attention wandered during the long monologue on dress which ensued. She realised with a sudden pang that she was actually giving up the care of her child for the moment to Augusta, and felt much inclined to put a sudden end to poor Lady Adelstane's babble by informing her that she had changed her mind, and did not intend to let Philippa go after all. What, after all, was the advice of Lady Sarah or of David Moore to her, that she must needs follow it ? Ah, if it were only Lady Sarah and

David Moore whom she had to consider, how quickly would her decision have been taken !

But there was Philippa.

Philippa, who was no longer a child, but a most relentless youthful judge : a merciless detector of weakness and vacillation, and full of a grievance, which was not, alas ! quite an unreasonable grievance ; of discontent and impatience with her surroundings, and the isolation which Catherine had found so restful and pleasant.

Perhaps it was the secret guilty conviction that her child had some reason on her side, no less than a lack of moral courage to disappoint her, that kept Catherine silent ; whilst Augusta, quite unaware that she was monopolising the conversation, chattered happily on concerning her plans for Philippa's entertainment until the drive came to an end.

CHAPTER VII.

DAVID MOORE, returning home to England at the very moment of the year when the beauty of his native country was at its height, could not but pay it the tribute of a regretful sigh now and then when he reflected upon the long years of his exile.

The weather during his stay at Bridescombe happened to be the perfection of early June weather. Every morning he woke to find the Devonshire valley bathed in haze of early morning sunshine, and the lawn under his window glittering with dew, beneath old elm-trees thickly clothed with green, and mighty oaks with scanty foliage yet freshly golden.

A splendid variety of English timber in near perfection and distant outline studded the grounds of Bridescombe and crowned the slopes of the Welwysbere hills. An opening in the shrubberies showed stretches of yellow meadow rich with the fulfilment of the season's growth. Closer at hand a gravel path wound through well-kept shrubs to the borders of a little lake, thickly fringed with lily leaves, and reflecting in its black depths the crimson of a copper beech and the trembling foliage of a tall sentinel poplar.

Bridescombe, if less stately than Welwysbere Abbey, was yet the very ideal of a pleasant country house without, though within the arrangements left much to be desired.

David decided that George Chilcott was in some respects to be envied, and thought of himself, sadly, as a lonely man without

home or family ; he was acutely reminiscent, in this country quiet, of his years of exile, thinking of opportunities missed, of good work unrecognised, of risks run and hardships faced to no purpose, of gallant lives laid down in vain. Every soldier who has had a fair share of campaigning must be subject to such melancholy retrospective moods, unless indeed he has been exceptionally lucky, or is exceptionally selfish. David was neither the one nor the other. He had striven hard and accomplished brilliant work during his own varied career ; he had made some mistakes and accepted much suffering in the matter-of-fact way peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race ; but his exceptional ability, aided by an attractive and sympathetic personality, had obtained a fair share of recognition and reward.

Squire George looked at his brother-in-law and sighed in his turn. Here was David, his junior, a distinguished soldier, a lieutenant-colonel and a V.C., resigning the command of his regiment in the Orange River Colony only to accept an appointment on the General Staff at the War Office. George, too, had loved soldiering, but he had sent in his papers on obtaining his company, and settled down, as he put it dismally to himself, to a fat farmer's life, on an estate too small to afford him full occupation—a life which appeared to be one of ease and comfort, though it was in reality filled with petty cares and irritating domestic worry.

He looked back to the years of his brief married life with heavy regret for the peace and happiness that had filled them. Delia's nature had been bright and joyous and her interests many and varied. The minor troubles of life had been dispersed by her glad energy, and lightened by her caresses and consolation. Now they loomed largely upon him, aggravated by constant complaints from his mother and sister, who spared no opportunity of fault-finding and who would have been more caustic still, save that they were a little afraid of George, and believed it their duty to humour him to a certain extent. Thus, when Clara had unwittingly goaded him to extremity, she would endure the angry retort she had elicited with Christian resignation, and remark to her mother, ' We must remember that poor George is a widower,' or ' I dare say he was thinking of poor Delia,' with tender forbearance ; which was real and not assumed, for Clara was a conscientious and well-meaning person, who lived but to fulfil the behests of her elderly but strong-minded parent.

His boy's infancy had been only a time of delight to poor

George, who heard much of the manifold perfections of his offspring from its adoring mother, and believed in most of them; but it appeared to him now that his little girl's childhood was only a record of squabbles and punishments. Little Lily's delinquencies were reported to him as though they had been crimes, and he was led to believe her an unusually naughty child, though she never showed this side of her character to him—an abstention which, according to her aunt and grandmother, clearly proved the exceeding artfulness of her disposition.

She looked at George, with her mother's great black eyes shining, full of silent meaning, from her small pale face; for though she lived in the country and out of doors, and drank new warm milk from the cow, and was fed upon porridge, little Lily remained unaccountably thin, and wizened, and sallow, the exact opposite of her well-grown healthy rosy brother, who was six years her senior. She was remarkably precocious—another grievance to her relatives, who were obliged to lock up books and newspapers lest she should imbibe their contents unobserved.

'She is not to be trusted,' said Clara Chilcott.

'She is Delia over again,' said old Mrs. Chilcott; and it is to be feared that in these words she summed up Lily's failure to gain her relatives' approbation. They did not mean to be unkind, but merely strove in vain to change her nature into one more nearly resembling their own.

Old Mrs. Chilcott was absolute in her sway over her son's household, and George seldom interfered with her, partly because he had a natural respect for his mother's experience and authority, and partly because he desired above all things to keep the peace.

Lily was the small human sacrifice unwittingly offered up to gain this end, and after all the end was not gained. For the victories obtained in the unequal battle were not complete until they had been retailed to the father of the rebel, who was exhorted that it was his duty to denounce and not to pity the wretched little offender.

'I believe the poor little kid is a regular spitfire. Nobody can do anything with her. She's had these daily rows over her lessons ever since she was four years old,' said George, in weary dejected tones to David; thus apologising for the low sobbing and the steady rumble of sermonising that issued from the dining-room, where daily after breakfast was Clara secluded for two miserable hours with her reluctant pupil.

David listened and grew wrathful.

'Why don't you teach her yourself?'

'I—good Lord! It's not in my line,' said George, staring.

'It's not in Clara's line either,' said David, shortly.

'My mother tried for some time, and said it made her quite ill. I suppose Lily must do lessons with someone,' said George, helplessly.

David was silent, but his silence was fraught with meaning.

The next day he caught Lily and held her, as she dashed past him in the hall with red eyes, carrying her slate.

'Let me go, Uncle David?'

'I won't—I want you, Lily.'

'Let her go, please, David,' said Clara's authoritative voice. 'She is being sent to her room.'

'Is she? What for?' said David. His glance at his cousin Clara was more fiery than he knew, and Clara quailed.

'Put me down, Uncle David. I'm not a baby, and I don't want to be carried,' gasped the culprit, between sobs and fright.

'As your uncle seems to think you may be punished unjustly, Lily,' said Clara, swelling with offended dignity, 'you can show him your slate, and tell him what you have done.'

Lily hesitated, then a gleam of alarmed amusement stole into her long-lashed eyes, still wet with tears. She stood on one leg, turned her right foot round her left ankle, and held out the slate.

'What is this?'

'Aunt Clara wrote "*Lily has not been good to-day*" on my slate, and told me to take it to Granny; and—and I rubbed out the *not*.'

'It was the *deceit* I thought most of,' said Clara, impressively. 'As she was going away, pretending obedience, a sudden thought struck me, for I happened to see her wet her finger, and I insisted on looking at the slate. She was hoping her grandmamma would praise her for being good on false pretences.'

'I wasn't,' said Lily, 'and grandmamma never praises me.'

'What did you do it for?'

Lily hung her head.

'For fun.'

'You said you were sorry, and now you are smiling, Lily. I don't believe you know the meaning of repentance.'

'I do,' sobbed Lily.

'What is it then?' said the inexorable aunt.

'Being sorry you've done something pleasant, but not till after you've done it,' said the culprit.

Colonel Moore was a disciplinarian, and had no idea of calling its elder's authority in question in the presence of a child. He said in a very gentle tone :

'You should not have done it, Lily,' and kissed her.

'If you are going to pet her whenever she is naughty, David,' said Clara, as Lily ran upstairs, 'I shall have to give up teaching her altogether.'

'I think it would be the best plan,' said David, and he walked away without looking at her.

Clara complained bitterly to her brother and received scant sympathy.

'Why should you make the poor little beggar her own executioner?' he growled. 'You know what a row she'd have got into when my mother read your message. Small blame to her if she tried to outwit you. I don't believe you understand her a bit, Clara.'

'It's you who are taken in. I am sorry to say it of her, George, but Lily is one of those artful little girls who know how to get round gentlemen.'

'All the better for her,' said George, crossly.

Clara was about to retort, but she remembered in time that George was a widower, and left the room with an expression of angelic patience.

The threatened storm burst the day after the seaside picnic, when Clara entered the study where her brother and David were placidly smoking with the ominous words :

'George, mamma says—oh, I beg your pardon, David, I did not see you were there. If you please, George, I should like to speak to you.'

'What's the matter?' said the unfortunate squire, scenting more domestic embroilments. 'Go on, Clara, don't make mysteries.'

'I am far from wishing to make mysteries, George. In fact, perhaps, as it is to do with Lily, it is as well that David should hear the worst.'

David looked up quickly, but George, being more accustomed to his sister's portentous methods of dealing with trifles, smoked on without moving.

'Lily's diary has been found, George.'

'I didn't know it was lost.'

'It was not lost. Lily had hidden it. I asked her for it this morning, and she pretended she could not find it, so mamma had the day-nursery turned out thoroughly, and it was found carefully tucked away at the very bottom of her play-box.'

'Well?'

'Mamma says that she could not have believed it possible, unless she had read it with her own eyes, that a girl of ten years old could have written such things.'

'What did she want to read it for?'

'She read it as a duty. And a most unpleasant duty it turned out to be.'

'Have you read it, too?'

'I have glanced at it. I have not yet had time to read it all,' said the conscientious Clara. 'I am bound to tell you, George, that what I did read shocked me excessively. Mamma says that in justice to her and to me she thinks you ought to look at it yourself, if only to give you a clearer insight into Lily's character.'

'I am not in the habit of reading other people's private diaries.'

'It is absurd to call Lily a person; she is only a child.'

'Where is she?'

'In mamma's room. Mamma has been reading bits of the journal to her that she may hear how shocking they sound out loud.'

'Go and fetch Lily here, and the journal with her,' said George, autocratically.

'I can't do that, George. She wished you to come upstairs. You must please yourself, of course. I can only tell her I have delivered her message.'

Miss Chilcott left the room, and George turned to David with a groan.

'These everlasting scenes——'

'Put a stop to them.'

'How can I?'

'Any way you choose. She's your child. Send her to school if you won't give her to me.'

'David, it goes against the grain to send Delia's little girl away from home.'

'It would go more against the grain with me to see her bullied from morning till night.'

'I'll go upstairs and get the journal and throw the damned

thing into the fire, and there'll be an end of it,' said George, with the sudden energy of a weak man.

'Don't do that,' said David slowly. 'I shouldn't wonder if they were right, and reading it might make you understand her better. Look here, George, let me go and get Lily and the diary together, and bring them down here. She'll give me leave to read it fast enough.'

'My mother won't let you have either one or the other.'

David gave him a look. 'Won't she,' he said, and left the room immediately.

Old Mrs. Chilcott, in her black gown and white cap, sat in the bay window of her pleasant morning-room, crocheting a shawl; her thin fingers flew in and out of the scarlet wool, her eyes were bent on her work, and her lips were firmly compressed.

In the middle of the apartment was a music-stool, and on the music-stool was perched Lily, very round-shouldered and heaving with sobs, as she read aloud from a small manuscript book. David perceived that it was the obnoxious journal, and took it gently from his niece's unresisting hands before he spoke.

'Aunt Lydia, George is very much put out about this affair,' he said. 'I am going to take Lily down to him.'

'I sent a message to tell George to come to me,' said Mrs. Chilcott.

'And I delivered the message,' said Clara, in sepulchral tones.

'Don't be a fool, Clara,' said her mother sharply. 'Of course you delivered it. Give me the diary, David, I prefer to show it to my son myself.'

David put the diary in his pocket.

'I'm sorry, Aunt Lydia, but you may take it I am carrying out George's own wishes. With your permission Lily had better come with me now.'

Mrs. Chilcott glared at her nephew and David returned the look steadily.

She knew that opposition was useless, and said no more; the sharp click of her needles never ceased for a moment.

Colonel Moore led Lily downstairs, and, entering the study, closed the door.

She stood on one leg in her favourite attitude, with a miserable frightened little face, and twisted her small fingers nervously together.

Her father could not bear to look at her, so he stared at the

carpet, with a very undecided expression of countenance, and pulled at his heavy yellow moustache.

Lily stole a glance at her uncle, who had returned to his arm-chair, and something in his look made the child spring across the room to him, with a great sob, and hide her face upon the breast of his rough tweed coat.

David let her have her cry out, until he felt the long-drawn sobs dying away; then he lifted a very pale and weebegone little face from his shoulder, and discarding the small and grimy handkerchief she was clutching in one doll-like hand, he dried her eyes very carefully with his own large white one.

'Lily, will you let daddy and me read the poor little journal?' he whispered, holding his frail burden closely to him, and brushing the elfin face with his moustache.

In her relief and gratitude for his gentleness and sympathy Lily was only too ready to say Yes. She consented eagerly, caring little what her uncle and father might do, so that they were not visibly displeased with her. For her quick observation had shown her that George Chilcott, though depressed, did not look angry.

She glanced timidly from one to the other of the arbitrators of her fate, unaware that these two big men's hearts were melting with love and pity, for the dead woman's sake, whose legacy she was to both.

The library was a very large room, and at the further end stood an immense sofa, furnished with soft square cushions. David picked her up, carried her across, and deposited her among them.

'Curl up here and go to sleep,' he said. 'You will be worn out after so many tears.'

She laid her little pale cheek obediently on the cushion, and closed her eyes. When she opened them again she saw her father and uncle pacing up and down the verandah outside, but she could not hear what they said, and presently, as David had expected, she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, too much spent with weeping to be able to conjecture what they would do with her or her diary.

The journal had been kept at irregular intervals for about three months. It was an unlucky purchase of Lily's own, commented upon approvingly at the time by her relatives, who had taken her to shop in Ilverton. Apparently Lily's notions of diary-keeping and autobiography were somewhat confused. She began by obligingly recounting her origin, obviously basing her style upon the opening chapter of 'Gulliver's Travels'—a book generally considered improving for children, though it is hard to know why.

My father has a large estate in Devonshire. I am his only daughter, but he has a son somewhat older than me. The charge of maintaining me being somewhat great for a narrow fortune, my Aunt and Grandmother reside with us and assist my father in maintaining me and applying me close to my studies.

Unlike most children and especially my Cousin Philippa, who I must add is also somewhat my senior by 6 years and my intimut friend, I spend my leisure moments reading the best authors all I can get, viz. Miss Yonge, Walter Scott, Anderson's fairy tales, the Bab ballads, the Wide Wide World, Shakespeare's Lamb's tales and many other standard works.

The stilted style proving too great an effort, it was more or less abandoned after two or three pages, laboriously inscribed in Lily's best round hand. The writing degenerated into a hurried but legible scrawl—Lily's thoughts obviously transcribed without an effort.

My Father has a reddish face and a goldish moustache. I may be predijiced in his favour, but I think him nice-looking, though his nose is rather round at the tip. Hector is a plain likeness of his paternal parent, but it is to be hoped may improve. Boys are very fortunate as their moustache will some day hide the worst end of their face, this we cannot hope for but are luckily generally better looking than them. Aunt Clara is an exception, her eyes are like glass marbles in a pudding. Granny has black eyes and her face is thoroly mapped out in wrinkles, but she is handsome, for an old person I mean, only her neck is rather baggy. She has a dreadful temper and all the servants hate her except Cook, but Cook says she knows better than to let her see it, so I suppose Cook is the one person *she* is afraid of. Everyone else is afraid of her especially my poor father, but when I grow up I mean to take him quietly away somewhere with me and my husband, and let him have a happy old age under my roof where Granny shall never set foot. Jane and Eliza have promised to come and live with me, and in return I have promised to invite their young men to tea instead of their having to hide in the shrubbery on Sunday evenings. . . . My head is very bad today. Aunt Clara came to see me in bed last night. She told me Uncle David was coming. He is poor Mamma's brother, but he is Granny's nephew too because Mamma and Daddy were first cousins. When Aunt Clara told me I could not remember the last time he came, the devel tempted me to say I did. It turns out I wasn't born. Every one is libel to make mistakes. I am to learn a new hymn to punish me. She has acidentilly given me one I know already but I did not tell her. I am writing my diary while I am supposed to be learning it. I hate Aunt Clara. . . . This morning the devel was at it again tempting me to take three almonds off the sideboard but I only took one. Unfortunately I pulled it out of my pocket with my handkerchief at lessons. Whatever I do I am always found out. Hector says some boys are like that, he isn't. I would not have taken it only in revenge because 2 days running I have had no dessert for bad behaviour, I was sent to bed, one never knows what a day may bring 4th. I wish Aunt Clara would not come and see me in bed. Cook says it is very bad for me to cry every night. . . . Yesterday Daddy took me to Church and I was very good indeed. I mean in my inside, I felt good, especially when the organ played and we sang Abide with me. Aunt Clara had a cold and could not come. Wishing to please God I tried to be sorry, but I wasn't really. She sings very loud and out of tune, and pokes me if I get in a reveree. . . . Aunt Clara caught me in the pantry. I was laughing at Macpherson's jokes. He is a very witty man. He

likes to have a crack with me. This is Scotch. She rowed me about it in bed for hours and hours and I cried so my head is dreadful this morning. Granny says children don't know what headaches mean. I smiled to myself. When no one is looking I can be as sarkastic as Granny. . . . I had a nice long think last night. I have several private thinks, which make me happy when I am all alone. One is about a game Philippa and I used to have. We played I was found out to be Cousin Catherine's child and she was found out to be me. She told me all the things she would say to Granny and Aunt Clara (she is as brave as a lion) and how Cousin Catherine would pet me, and let me sleep in her room, and not eat fat or milk puddings, and read all the books at Shepherd's Rest. Philippa is too old for games now but she has promised to tell me all her secrets so I don't mind. I feel rather old for games myself. . . . Uncle David has been to see Hector and Hector has written to tell me he is splendid, he tipped Hector £2. I hope he will tip me, but people never seem to think of girls wanting money. When I am grown up I shall frequently tip girls and not advise them how to spend it. He tipped Hector's three chums, Browne and Noble and Skinner £1 each. All the boys knew who he was and cheered him like anything, and Hector said he was proud of him. Aunt Clara would read the letter though I said it was private. She made me learn 'Pride, ugly pride.' . . . When they were at dinner I fetched the book of Plato that I mustn't read, from poor Mamma's bookcase, and read about the death of Socrates which always makes me sad but agreeable. There is a dry flower on the page so I know poor Mamma must have liked it too. He does not appear to have said many prayers. He just screwed himself up and died. It is what we must all come to. Determined to be a philosopher. . . . Last night my think was about winning a V.C. for myself. The house was on fire and I saved everyone by my presence of mind. As it hapened the King and Queen was there, so my gallantry was rewarded. Aunt Clara had to stand by and see it done, which is the part of this think I like best. . . . Uncle David is come; he is like Edgar Ravenswood but not so melancholy. Granny does not like him though he is her nephew. He does not like Granny and Aunt Clara but he is very polite. Daddy would be happy if he could now Uncle David is here. I always know when he tries to make jokes to make things go off well. I think this is pathetick, as he is not really a witty man like Macpherson. . . . Uncle David has not tipped me but I don't mind as he pets me all the time. I am very happy indeed. . . . We went to the sea and paddled. Uncle David took me on his shoulder. Though I am far too old for this I enjoyed it. A person named Lady Grace petted me. I ate two meringues and felt rather sick. The ends of Uncle David's moustache are curled, he does this with soap. He has a servant to wash and dress him. When I grow up I shall marry Uncle David if it is not illiggle. . . . Aunt Clara says she has been obliged to tell Uncle David how naughty I am. I wish I was dead. . . . Aunt Clara has asked to see my diary, and there's no fire so I can't burn it. I shall pretend I have lost it, and hide it in my playbox. . . . I have written a letter to poor Mamma and buried it in my own garden as deep as I could. Perhaps God will let her read it, and in it I have asked her to come and fetch me. I don't know what else to do. . . .

The two men looked at each other in silence across this revelation of a child's mind.

'And I thought she was only a baby,' said George, with a groan.

(To be continued.)

